

ÉDITION DE LUXE

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JANUARY 25, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

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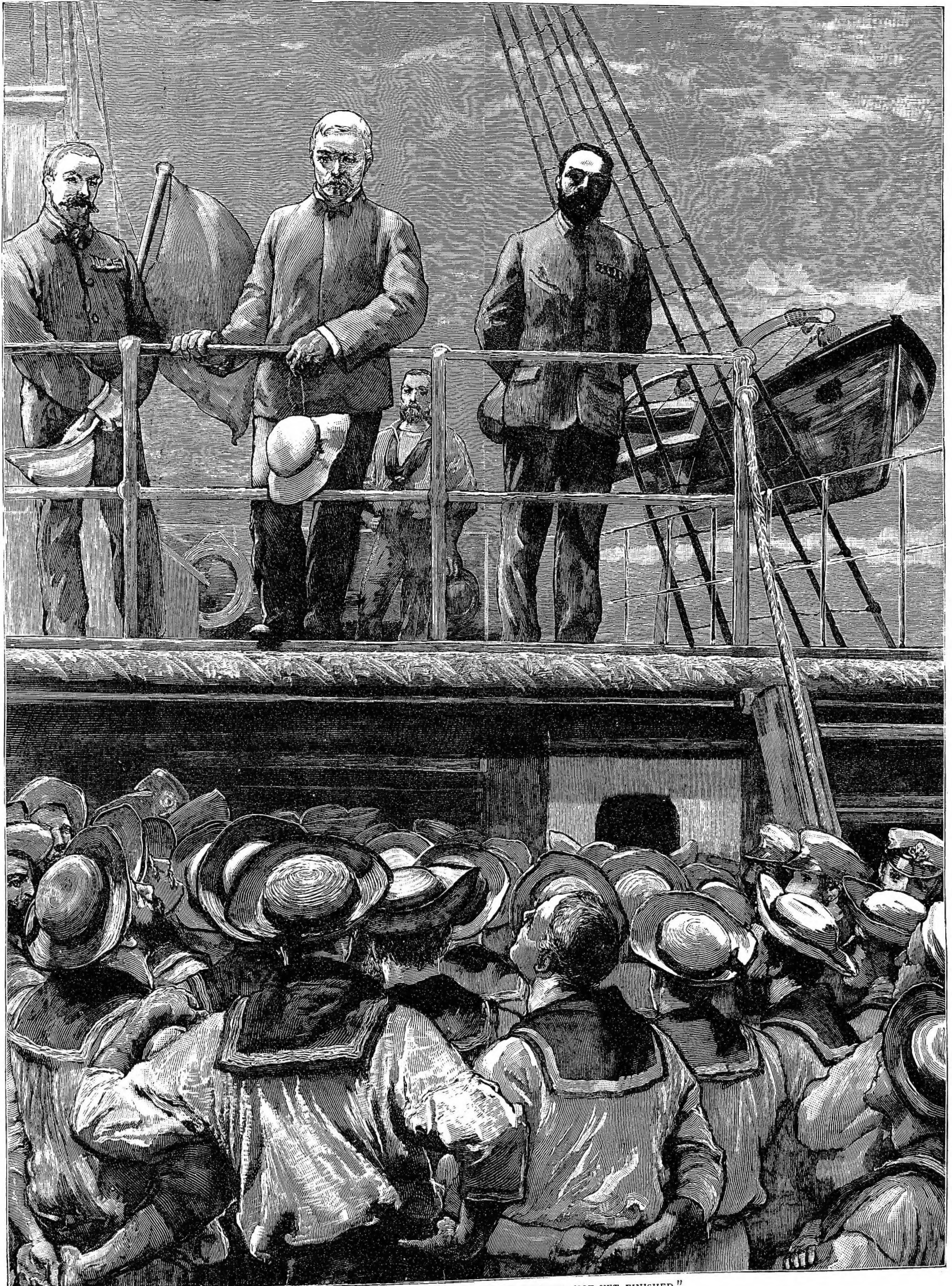
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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"MY WORK IN THIS DARK CONTINENT IS, I TRUST, NOT YET FINISHED"

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S ARRIVAL AT ZANZIBAR—ADDRESSING THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF H.M.S. "TURQUOISE" AFTER CHURCH SERVICE

Topics of the Week

PERFIDIOUS ALBION.—During the last fortnight England has had no reason to complain that she has been unable to see herself as others see her. The wretched little dispute with Portugal has given all our friends on the Continent an opportunity of telling us frankly what they think of us, and they have not been slow to take advantage of it. We have been made the subjects of a chorus of abuse, the like of which has not been heard in Europe for many a day. France and Spain have distinguished themselves by the virulence of their attacks; but even in Germany, Austria, and Italy, where some voices have been raised in our favour, there has been a good deal of energetic writing about perfidious and brutal John Bull. It is difficult to believe that all this fury is the result of impartial investigation. England claims to be the lawful protector of the territory about which the quarrel arose, and there is solid evidence that her claim is valid. Would any other Power, in like circumstances, have quietly accepted the proceedings of Major Serpa Pinto? The question answers itself. Had France been the offended Power, the Portuguese, as they well know from painful experience, would have been promptly brought to their senses. Prince Bismarck would certainly not have been more tolerant of any infringement of German rights. The truth is, the question has not been studied by our neighbours; they have simply looked at the fact that a weak State is being coerced by a powerful one, and they have gladly seized the occasion to give expression to the general feeling of ill-will with which England is regarded. On this subject we ought to cherish no illusions. Partly because the English manner is not always amiable, but chiefly because as a nation we are successful and prosperous, we are not liked on the Continent; and we must be prepared for occasional outbursts of spite when a good excuse for them is supposed to have been found. Happily, England is not very sensitive, and stupid outcries will not deter her from guarding what are manifestly her own interests.

FRESH DOCK LABOUR DIFFICULTIES.—Experience has proved that of which most sensible persons were already aware, namely, that it is a dangerous innovation to impart sentimental considerations into disputes about wages arising between employers and their labourers. The dockers' strike of last autumn would undoubtedly have collapsed, or have been settled on a business-like footing, but for the sympathetic interference of the outside public. The very helplessness of the casual dockers ensured the triumph of the cause with which their name was associated. The public heart was touched by the piteous spectacle of crowds of half-famished men waiting at the dock-gates for the chance of a job of work, and when the now famous "tanner" per hour was demanded in lieu of the preceding 5*d.*, backed as it was by the efforts of a body of well-intentioned but not over-judicious amateur arbitrators, the dock-companies yielded to the outcry, and the new scale began on November 4th. But this arrangement was not really of a business-like character, that is, it did not proceed from the inexorable laws of supply and demand; it was brought about by a mixture of sentiment and intimidation. Consequently, some of its results have been rather surprising; surprising, that is, to those who fancied that this agitation had ushered in a labourers' millennium. In the first place, the casual docker, in whose supposed interests the crusade was begun, has practically disappeared from the field. The dock officials are now hedged round with so many restrictions that they find it more convenient to employ a permanent body of labourers. Secondly, the old system of graduated wages, that is, paying the men according to their individual merits, has disappeared under Trades Unionist dictation, and has been replaced by a uniform scale, with the result that the labourers work listlessly. Thirdly, ever since the great strike, the riverside labourers have been in a feverish condition, and recently their spokesmen have "gone back" on the November Convention and demand pay for their dinner hour, although that was expressly excluded in the original agreement. Now, if this worrying agitation continues, what will the end be? Why, that the Port of London will lose its trade. Some of it has already departed; foreign competitors are very keen-sighted, and capital will assuredly go where it can ensure a reasonable margin of profit.

FINANCIAL WATCH-DOGS.—In spite of the abortive conclusion, the time occupied in trying the alleged blackmailing case will not have been wasted if the eyes of the public are opened at last to the peculiar processes by which some new companies are floated. They will learn, for one thing, that the advice tendered so generously by financial journals about these concerns is not always to be accepted as disinterested. Without making any allusion to the issue between Mr. Bebro and his antagonists, that fact comes out quite clearly from the evidence. It would appear, therefore, to be merely an innocent superstition which attaches to these papers the attributes of watch-dogs. They are supposed by those "not in the know," as their gifted writers would say, to be ever on the alert to bark vociferously at bogus

schemes. We now know that this is a mistake; and that some are worked on purely commercial principles, which more or less influence the advice they give. There being no longer any secret on that head, investors will have only themselves to blame should they look for protection to all Press watch-dogs. As regards the wily arts of the promoter, only a "Jubilee Plunger" should need to be told that the statements of vendors, whether of horses or gold-mines or concessions, require to be taken very much *cum grano*. It is not always easy to detect the cloven hoof in a prospectus, but, in nine cases out of ten, something of the sort may be found by diligent searchers. After all, the public themselves are most to blame. Among those who rush for shares in every promising new company, the majority are influenced by a conviction that they will soon be able to sell out at a handsome premium. It is, therefore, a pure speculation on their part, as it is on that of the promoter when he spends lavishly on preliminaries in the hope of getting back his outlay with some thousands per cent. added. If the public were not so greedy, the promoter's occupation would be gone to a very large extent, and not a few of our faithful watch-dogs would vanish at the same time.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.—A meeting is to be held at the Mansion House on January 29th, for the purpose of pressing upon the attention of the Brussels Conference the questions relating to the restriction of the trade in arms and alcoholic liquors in Africa. It has been objected that these are questions with which the Conference has nothing to do, but this is to take an extremely limited view of the proper functions of that body. It is certain that if deadly weapons were not so easily obtained, the operations of slave-hunters would be seriously hampered; and it is equally certain that if less rum were introduced into the Dark Continent, the natives would display greater vigour in maintaining their personal independence. Plainly, therefore, both questions have a most intimate connection with the problem as to the suppression of slavery; and the Mansion House meeting, and any like meetings that may be held in other parts of the country, will do excellent service if they can induce the Conference to come round to their way of thinking on the subject. It is, however, extremely improbable that they will succeed in doing anything of the kind. We may, indeed, doubt whether the majority of the Powers represented at the Conference have the slightest intention of grappling with the evils of the slave trade. As we have before said, there are only two countries in which there is a really strong popular feeling about this matter. Those countries are England and the United States. During the American Civil War the people of the Northern States gave very effectual proof that their feeling with regard to slavery was not merely one of platonic disapproval, and at a much earlier date England had made herself widely known as the slave's protector and friend. But what have the French, or the Germans, or the Portuguese done to indicate that they are moved by a similar impulse? Hitherto France has resolutely declined even to agree to the right of search; and it is notorious that until that concession is made little can be done to stop the outrages of slave-traders. Englishmen will be heartily pleased if the proceedings of the Conference lead to the adoption of strong, practical measures; but the smaller our expectations, the more likely they will be to accord with the actual results.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.—There has recently been a considerable amount of newspaper controversy between what may be called the moderate and the immoderate advocates of temperance. As President of the United Kingdom Alliance, Sir Wilfrid Lawson belongs to the latter category. We wish we could convert him to our opinions on this subject, which are somewhat to the following effect. Let those who honestly believe that the use of intoxicants is always injurious discourage their use by argument, by persuasion, and by example; let them carry on the crusade by the discovery, if possible, of some non-alcoholic beverage to supersede malt liquors in popular esteem; but let them cease to clamour for legislation intended to force teetotalism upon those who do not want it. It is quite true that the drink-traffic is—to a large number of persons—"devilish and destructive," but if it were legally prohibited, if every brewery and every distillery were legally closed, and all importations from abroad were legally forbidden, this drink-sodden minority would still manage to get its liquor—American experience proves this—and would probably make up for the inconvenience and extra cost by fuddling its brains with even worse poisons than whisky or gin. But, as it is most unlikely that moderate alcohol-drinkers will ever allow such a law to pass, we counsel Sir Wilfrid and his friends to demand legislation in another direction, in which he will have our hearty sympathy. Instead of harrying a multitude of moderate drinkers with the idea of reclaiming the drunkards, why not go for the drunkard direct? Chronic drunkenness should in itself be regarded as a serious crime; and should be punishable—by deprivation of liberty among other methods—on the production of trustworthy evidence, not necessarily that of friends or near relations. There are many thousands of chronic drunkards who in various ways are a curse to their families and their neighbours; they are perfectly impervious to moral suasion; but a sharp penalty—in some cases flogging or the treadmill—might make some of them mend their

ways, and would certainly have a deterrent effect on others who are beginning to tread the same downward path.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.—Not since the victor of Waterloo died have the people of these Isles more sincerely sorrowed than they did for the great commander whose remains were conveyed last Tuesday to rest among the ashes of other British worthies in St. Paul's Cathedral. A British worthy was Lord Napier of Magdala in the highest sense; none worthier ever shed lustre on our race. The brilliancy of his martial achievements would by itself have given him a niche in our Temple of Fame. From first to last, throughout his long and flawless career, he succeeded in all he undertook. But while this good work would have entitled him to the national gratitude, it might not, by itself, have won the national love. There have been brilliant commanders—perhaps there may be some still—whose professional talents extorted universal admiration, but whose personal qualities failed to attract equally universal affection. It was the private character of Lord Napier of Magdala that endeared him to all Englishmen. His perfect disinterestedness, his entire unselfishness, his chivalrous consideration for others, however humble, his lofty sense of honour, and his unswerving devotion to duty, won the hearts first of the soldiers and ultimately of all his countrymen. He had nothing in common with the school which teaches that self-seeking is the first and last duty of the British officer. By no means devoid of professional ambition, he never once sought it at the expense of others, but waited patiently and contentedly, doing whatever work lay nearest to his hand with cheerful courage and rare fidelity. And because he was of this stamp England mourns his loss with genuine sorrow.

LOCAL CORRUPTION IN ITALY.—For many years the Italians have been complaining bitterly of the weight of the public burdens they are compelled to bear. It is not the Central Government that is chiefly to blame for this state of things. The Crown taxes are troublesome enough, but they are not relatively more severe than those of most other European countries. The evil is due mainly to the communal and municipal authorities. The amount of money which these bodies contrive to spend is astonishing, and hitherto they have never scrupled to contract enormous debts, hoping that good luck would enable them somehow, at some more or less distant date, to meet their obligations. If the public had benefited largely by all this expenditure there would have been a general disposition to think of it in a charitable spirit. A cry for economy would sooner or later have been raised, but there would have been no very keen feeling of irritation about the matter. The system of local administration has, however, been extremely defective; and every one who has given attention to it has been puzzled by the fact that it has been so remarkably costly. The mystery has been fully explained by some recent inquiries. These have shown that in the communes and municipalities of Italy there is an amount of corruption which has probably not a parallel in any other nation of the West. The authorities of Naples have been deliberately carrying on the most extraordinary abuses, and there is too much reason for the belief that, so far as the spirit animating them is concerned, they have been in no way exceptional. Not so very long ago we ourselves had to deal with some very unpleasant scandals in connection with the late Metropolitan Board; so it would hardly be becoming for Englishmen to speak with an air of superiority about such matters elsewhere. But at any rate we were heartily ashamed of the evil things that had been done, and took prompt measures for the establishment of a better system. It is to be hoped that Italy will act not less vigorously. Signor Crispi is evidently in earnest about the question of communal and municipal reform, and he will have done a sound piece of work if he secures for his country pure, economical, and efficient methods of local government.

INFLUENZA AND CHOLERA.—The influenza is apparently abating in these islands, and, unless there should be a recrudescence, the visitation here will have certainly been more lenient than in some continental countries. Meanwhile, the sceptical lay mind will not be greatly stirred by the rival claims of two Austrian doctors to have discovered the influenza bacillus. During the last European epidemic of cholera there was a great deal of talk about a bacillus, discovered by Dr. Koch. But we are not aware that any cures were effected in consequence. Modern microscopical improvements have enabled surgeons to diagnose cancer-cells with considerable exactitude, and the knowledge thus obtained has its uses, as it may enable them to discriminate between genuine and simulated forms of that terrible disease. Nevertheless, cancer remains fully as incurable as it was in the days of Abernethy. It is of more practical interest to learn that the cholera has been very fatal at Bussorah, and is advancing through Mesopotamia. When the recent outbreak of influenza first began at St. Petersburg, some Russian savant predicted, or was alleged to have predicted, that it would be followed by an epidemic of cholera. The influenza of 1831 was certainly succeeded by the first appearance in Europe of Asiatic cholera during the autumn of that year and in 1832; while elderly people can bring their own memories to witness that the influenza of 1847 heralded a very fatal outbreak of cholera in 1849. These may be only coincidences, but they are necessarily somewhat disquieting.

THE FOREST GATE FIRE.—Rarely has a coroner's jury appended to its finding more sensible and practical suggestions than those made by the gentlemen appointed to inquire into the Forest Gate fire. Public opinion has already endorsed, with practical unanimity, the greater part of their recommendations. The one which seems most open to question is the emphatic demand that the doors of the dormitories at industrial schools shall remain unlocked at night. When it is remembered that the inmates are mostly of a very unruly class, it will be at once seen that the jury should have stated what means ought to be employed to prevent the youngsters from roaming about the building, and outside, too, if they could get there. To do this it would be necessary to appoint janitors to the whole of the dormitories, thereby seriously adding to the expense. The key of every door should certainly be hung up in some conspicuous place immediately outside, so that in the event of fire even a stranger would find it at once. It should also be made a rule absolute that no person in charge of the boys, either by day or by night, should be allowed to go on leave until an efficient substitute had been secured. Some of the evidence given at the inquiry supports the view of the jury that more lives might have been saved but for the unfortunate absence of Mr. Way. No blame attached to him personally; it was the system that was in fault. As regards the construction of external staircases, whenever a building has more than one storey, the new means of exit would either have to be locked, or the inmates would be all over the country after dark. If our great public schools can get on without this expensive provision for the protection of life, there ought not to be much danger in dispensing with it at industrial schools.

RECONCILIATION IN BOHEMIA.—A Czech Radical paper, commenting the other day on the result of the Conference of Reconciliation at Vienna, said, "The operation has been a complete success; the patient is dead." This view has not commended itself to the judgment of the people of the Austrian Empire generally. Among men of moderate opinions there is an almost universal conviction that the Conference has done excellent work, and that its achievements augur well for the future of the entire Monarchy. In the course of the negotiations, the leaders both of the Czechs and of the Germans acted with good sense. Each gave up something, and each received something in return. The language of the Czechs will henceforth be the official language only in their own districts, and that of the Germans in theirs. In mixed districts there will be a special arrangement by which, it is hoped, the rights of both nationalities will be respected. This is a sound basis for a common understanding; and the Germans of Bohemia are so thoroughly satisfied with it that their delegates have undertaken to resume the discharge of their duties in the local Diet. The members of the extreme Czech party, known as the Young Czechs, protest that their cause has been betrayed; but the Old Czechs are content with what has been done, and they, acting in unison with the Germans, will be strong enough to hold the Radicals in check. The result will be that the Diet will once more be in a position to attend to the material wants of the province, instead of wasting its time and energy in reckless and injurious disputes. The compromise will also have a beneficial effect in the Reichsrath, where politicians will have a chance of grouping themselves in accordance with their most serious convictions, and not merely in accordance with their nationality. For this good prospect Austria has to thank the Emperor, without whose personal influence the reconciliation would never have been accomplished. From the beginning to the end of the negotiations he has displayed the spirit of a wise and thoroughly enlightened ruler.

THE NEW PROPOSED UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.—Of the five Subway Railway Bills which were to be brought forward this Session, four have been already abandoned. The Central London Railway Bill remains. On that the deposit has been paid, and the Standing Orders complied with. This railway, which will be four and a-half miles long, is intended to start from Bayswater Road, and passing under Oxford Street and King William Street, will join the authorised London and Southward Subway. The proposed scheme will no doubt meet with strenuous opposition, but we do hope that Parliament will prefer the convenience of the general community to the alleged grievances of a small number of persons. Such complaints are necessarily dictated by supposed self-interest, and many useful improvements have in this way been burked or delayed. We will only cite one instance. The so-called Mansion House station on the District Railway was originally intended to be close to the Lord Mayor's official residence, but interested people raised a hubbub, the public (which in these matters is usually a "mass") was galled, the station was pushed back to its present site, years elapsed before the Inner Circle was completed, and even then it was done in a very roundabout way. We have observed a similar selfishness about tramway routes. People will petition like mad against a tram-line intended to pass their own doors, but they will travel complacently enough by cars which pass the doors of other people, who must necessarily be equally inconvenienced, if there be really any inconvenience. We say, therefore, if anybody on the proposed line of route can be shown to have received actual injury, let him be compensated; but do not defraud the

public of a great convenience for the sake of a few persons who are apt to cry out before they are hurt. How would Londoners now get on without the Metropolitan and the District Railways? Yet a well-organised opposition might easily have burked them both.

SCHOOL BOARD RATING.—It is certainly desirable, as pointed out by the Vestry Clerk of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, that the London educational rate should be put into such form as to enable its payers to see at a glance whether it is increasing or diminishing. Mr. Smith shows very clearly that this is by no means the case at present. The School Board, "for the sake of convenience," chooses to assume when framing its estimates that all houses are occupied, and its demand is based on that radically false hypothesis. The consequence is that the local rating authorities have to add something to the rate, to make good the deficiency caused by premises not in occupation, and the Board has the spending of that something beyond its own more moderate figure. Still more misleading is it to speak of the rate as being so much "in the pound" without taking into consideration the continuous increase of the assessment area. This method hides from the community the fact that, even when the rate remains the same, the proceeds become greater and greater. It should not be very difficult to make out a table showing exactly, year by year, what the total cost of working the Elementary Education Act has been in the metropolis. If this were circulated among the working classes, it would set them on their guard against too ready acceptance of statements that the ratepaying community grudge the cost of educating the offspring of the poorer classes. Tales of that sort are common enough in the mouths of mischievous agitators, and the School Board unconsciously plays into their hands by adhering to a form of precept which minimises the expenditure. Mr. Smith shows that if the rateable value of the assessment area had remained the same as ten years ago, the present precept, instead of being 10d. in the pound, would run up to 1s. 1d. in the pound.



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MR. STANLEY'S RETURN TO CIVILISATION

MR. STANLEY has so many times in the course of his adventurous career been compelled to part with civilisation that the process must be getting quite familiar to him. Nevertheless, despite all his wanderings, he has not lost the power of experiencing the keen delight of the traveller who, after wandering for many weary months among savages and through wildernesses, returns at last to the comforts of civilised society. On his last journey he may be said to have taken his leave of civilisation on March 10th, 1887, when he steamed away from Table Bay. He renewed his acquaintance with it nearly three years later, on December 4th last, when, with the surviving members of the Expedition he reached the coast, and made a triumphant entry into Bagamoyo. The event was celebrated by a grand banquet, at which much champagne was consumed, and many healths drunk, though the gaiety was greatly damped by the sad accident which befell Emin Pasha that same night. On the morning of December 6th Mr. Stanley and his party, escorted by H.M.S. *Turquoise*, arrived at Zanzibar, and on Sunday, the 8th, the incident depicted in our engraving (from a sketch by Mr. J. Hoskyns Abrahall, R.M.L.I.) occurred. Even in the first delight of returning to civilisation Mr. Stanley remembers that he has still work to do in Africa, and none can doubt that, given health and strength he will return to do it.

"ART AND SPORT" AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THIS collection is intended to represent Sport as illustrated by Art. Of course it is not complete. The three or four rooms of the Grosvenor Gallery are quite inadequate for such a gigantic show as might be gathered together. But possibly the present display is all the more attractive, because there is not too much of it. The pictures, of which there are some three hundred or four hundred, form perhaps the most interesting feature. Among them are to be found examples of Rubens, Snijders, and Hondekoeter; of the English sporting painters of the eighteenth century; of Landseer in the earlier years of this century; and of such living painters as Mr. Briton Rivière, Mr. Pettie, and Mr. Archie Stuart Wortley, the Vice-Chairman of the Committee. Then there is a collection of materials illustrative of hunting, hawking, shooting, fishing, and cricket. A great stuffed bear stands erect on the staircase; elks' and bison's heads look down from the walls; there are groups of racing-cups; cases of fine old inlaid fowling-pieces; and antique powder-horns. Mr. J. E. Harting contributes an interesting falconry collection, among which is a perch of stuffed hawks, containing all the species used in England.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BOURNEMOUTH

THE Royal visit to this favourite watering-place, of which we gave a brief account last week, was, in spite of a series of untoward events, a very great success. The untoward events were the absence of the Princess of Wales, owing to a severe cold; the indisposition of Lord Wimborne; the Court mourning in consequence of the death of the Empress Augusta, which caused Lady Wimborne to substitute a vocal and instrumental concert for the intended ball at Canford Manor; and the sudden death of Lord Cairns, which caused the Dowager Lady Cairns and her daughter, the Lady Kathleen, to be absent when the Prince of Wales visited the Cairns Memorial Home. We shall confine our further remarks to a description of the two

Lady Wimborne
Prince George of Wales Lord Randolph Churchill Prince of Wales Lord Wimborne



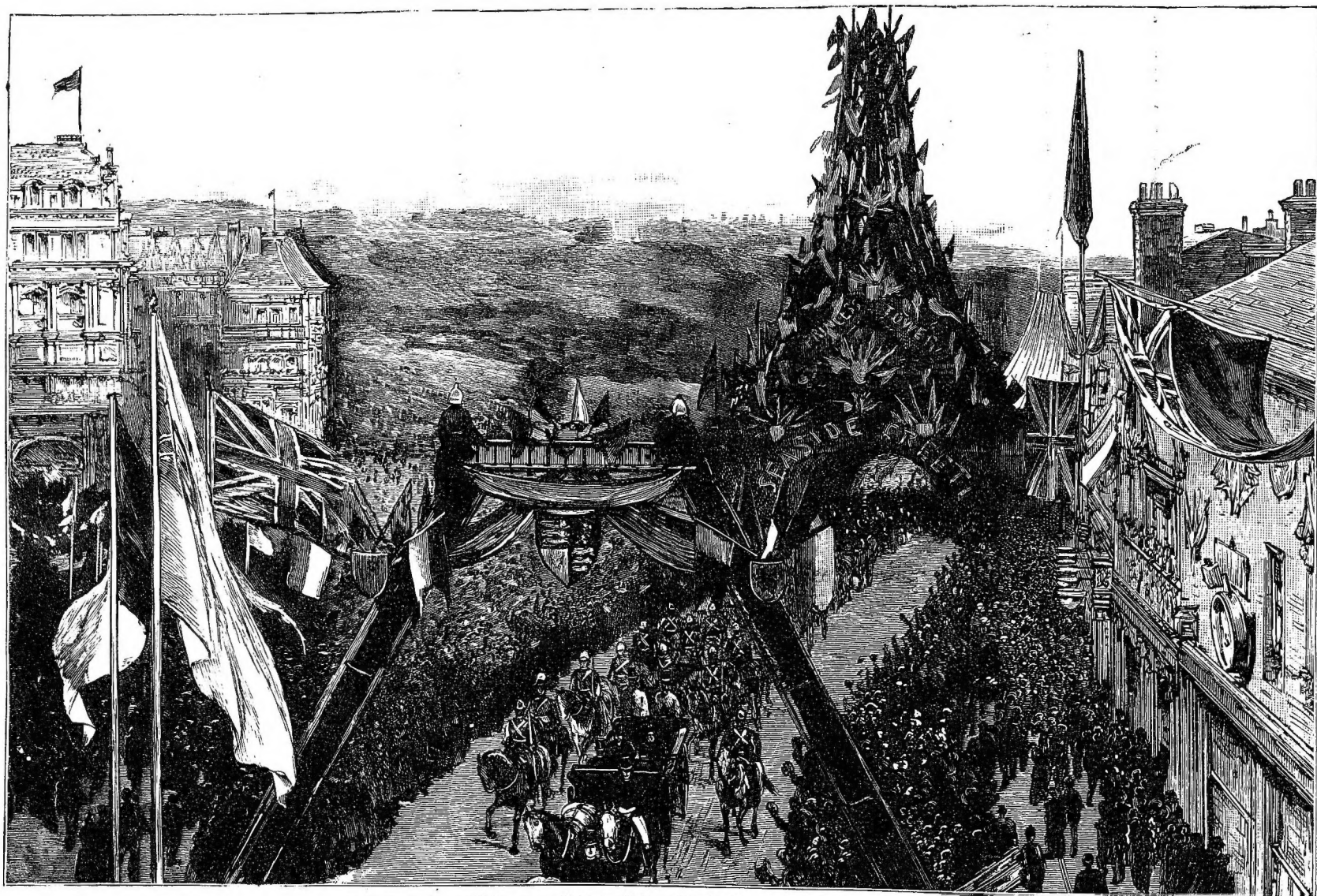
THE PRINCE PLANTING A TREE AT THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS VISIT

subjects chosen for our illustrations. The weather was very fine on January 16th, when the Prince visited Bournemouth, and the decorations were very much admired. The route throughout was very gaily ornamented, and the business-thoroughfares especially looking simply charming. Many of the arches made splendid pictures, the sombre character of some of the materials being artistically relieved by bright patches of colour—shields, trophies, and appropriate mottoes. The materials used were largely characteristic of the neighbourhood, being principally heather and fir. The monster tower in the Square—after the pattern of the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris—was greatly admired, and pronounced to be a splendid monument of local skill and ingenuity.

After the Prince had inspected the Royal Victoria Hospital—the chief reason for his coming to Bournemouth—the Royal party returned downstairs, and, passing into the garden through the out-patients' department, the Prince planted two trees in commemoration of the occasion. The trees were given by Mr. Enoch White; and a highly-ornamental spade—of ebony and silver—was lent by Mr. F. A. White for the ceremony. After the trees had been planted the Royal party drove to Branksome Dene.—We have been assisted with some excellent photographs taken by Messrs. G. West and Son, 21, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and kindly placed at our disposal.

"OVER THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES ON A COW-CATCHER"

ATTACHED to our special engine is a platform on the cow-catcher. The cow-catcher is a framework of iron, coming to a peak, fixed in front of the engine, to throw off the cows or animals that may stray on the railway, to prevent, if possible, the train being thrown off the line. A gaily-decorated railed-in platform, with comfortable seats, was fixed on the cow-catcher in honour of the Viceregal party, the members of which frequently availed themselves of that point of vantage, especially when the unparalleled beauty of the Selkirk Mountains burst into view as we journeyed to the Pacific Slope.—F. V.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE EIFFEL TOWER FROM THE GARDENS

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BOURNEMOUTH



THE REWARD OF BRAVERY—HOW SURGEON CRIMMIN WON THE VICTORIA CROSS AT THE BATTLE OF NGA KYAING, BURMA

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BOURNEMOUTH,
'ART AND SPORT' AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY,
AND

"OVER THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES"

See page 96

HOW SURGEON CRIMMIN WON THE VICTORIA
CROSS,

THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE,

AND

LEAVING HOME BY A P. AND O. STEAMER

See page 100

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by
Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 101.

CHILDREN'S PARTY AT THE ROYAL MILITARY
ACADEMY, WOOLWICH

By the kind permission of Major-General Sir R. Harrison, K.C.B. &c., R.E., Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, a children's party was given on Saturday, January 4th, to the non-commissioned officers and *employees'* children connected with that establishment in the Gymnasium. Under the supervision of Sergeant-Major F. McGill, R.A., the Gymnasium Staff carried out to perfection the decorations and arrangements by which the children (numbering nearly 300) enjoyed a happy New Year's party. The large bon-bon was pulled asunder by boys and girls at tug-of-war, which caused considerable amusement owing to the floor being so slippery. A sumptuous tea was provided, and the following ladies and gentlemen served at the tables:—Lady Harrison, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Kindersley, Colonel Harness, Captain Simpson, and the staff sergeants. The Christmas tree (which was the event of the evening) reached the roof of the building, and was garnished with every kind of toy. Appropriate mottoes were exhibited, such as "Happiness to Sir R. and Lady Harrison," "Welcome to our Young Gunners and their Sisters," "Colonel Harness, Captain and Mrs. Simpson, Officers, and Gentlemen Cadets," "God bless our Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family." Punch and Judy, skipping, &c., were among the numerous amusements provided. The children retired after spending four hours right jovially.—The sketches were taken on the spot by Quarter-master-Sergeant H. Hinderer, Royal Engineers.

THE FUNERAL OF LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA

SINCE November 18th, 1852, when the remains of the Great Duke were laid to rest, St. Paul's Cathedral has witnessed no more imposing ceremony than that which took place there on Tuesday. Early in the morning crowds of people began to assemble in the streets, and as early as eight o'clock many were present in Eaton Square to see the coffin laid upon the gun-carriage and covered with the Union Jack. Thence it was conveyed, escorted by a guard of the 12th Lancers, and followed by the Queen's State carriage and the private mourning coaches, to the Tower, by way of the Thames Embankment. There it was temporarily deposited, in care of two of the Yeomen of the Guard, in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula. At eleven o'clock the procession was reformed, and soon after left the Tower (as depicted in one of our engravings) *en route* for the Cathedral. First came the mourning carriages, with a Lancer escort, next detachments from the Coldstreams, the 3rd London, and the Corps of Commissionaires, in whom Lord Napier took great interest, and then the Bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards, and the Engineers. Immediately behind was the gun-carriage with its sad burden, escorted by men of the Royal Artillery, and followed, according to custom, by the dead soldier's horse, with riding boots reversed, and the Marshal's *bâton* on the saddle. Lastly came Her Majesty's State carriage and more Lancers. A little before twelve the procession reached St. Paul's. Borne on the shoulders of non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, the coffin was carried slowly up the nave to the end of the choir. Splendid wreaths were placed on the coffin by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Count von Hatzfeldt. Canon Gregory read the Lesson, Spohr's anthem, "Blest are the departed," was sung by the choir, and the rest of the service beautifully read by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal. The coffin was lowered into the Crypt, where it rests close to the monument of Lord Strathnairn. Then, to the strains of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, the company began to disperse, and a most impressive ceremony was at an end. For these details we are mainly indebted to the *Daily Graphic*.

SKETCHES IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

See page 104

A RUN WITH THE QUEEN'S STAG HOUNDS

See page 108

"THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED"

See page 103



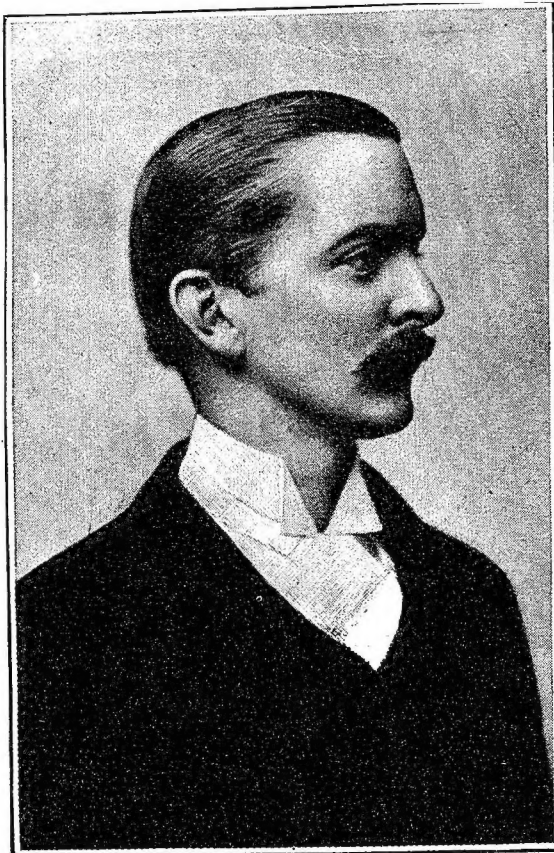
THE DEATH, in his eighty-seventh year, is announced of Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, the father of the House of Commons, in which he had, without intermission, represented Glamorganshire since 1830. Although he is said to have been a clever and ready speaker, yet during the nearly sixty years of his occupancy of a seat he remained a "silent member." Mr. Talbot was a great land-owner, and very wealthy, holding shares to the amount of more than a million in the Great Western Railway Company alone. He is said to have declined a peerage. He married, in 1835, Lady Charlotte Butler, daughter of the first Earl of Glengall. His only son died from an accident in the hunting-field. Of his three surviving daughters, one is married to Mr. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Scotch patriot. Mr. Talbot was a Liberal, and latterly had been regarded as a Liberal Unionist. His death leaves vacant the Lord Lieutenantcy of Glamorganshire, and the seat for Mid-Glamorganshire.

THE DEATH, in his fiftieth year, is also announced of Mr. Alexander Craig Sellar, M.P. for the Partick Division of Lanarkshire, who after the rout of the Liberals at the General Election of 1874, greatly contributed as the coadjutor of the late Mr. Adam, the popular Liberal whip, to the re-organisation of the shattered party and to its triumph at the General Election of 1880. Mr. Sellar represented the Haddington Burghs from 1882 to 1885, when he became member for the Partick Division of Lanarkshire, defeating the Conservative candidate Lord Henry Lennox. But, when Mr. Gladstone and a number of his followers suddenly embraced Home Rule, Mr. Craig Sellar became a Liberal Unionist, and as such was returned by his constituents in 1886, defeating a

Home Ruler. At the beginning of 1888 he was Liberal Unionist whip, when he was succeeded by Lord Woolmer. He was a zealous advocate of a reform of Private Bill Legislation, and author of "A Manual of the Education Acts for Scotland," which went through many editions.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lord Stephen A. Chichester youngest son of the second Marquis of Donegall; suddenly, in his fifty-ninth year, of Sir Robert A. Dalrymple, who, after holding, important offices in India, was from 1877 to 1887 a member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India; in his seventy-third year, of Sir Michael R. Westropp, from 1870 to 1882 Chief Justice of Bombay; in his sixty-ninth year, of Major-General John E. Cracroft, who served in the first and second Sikh Wars, and was afterwards Assistant Deputy-Commissioner in the Punjab; of Dr. Douglas M'Kenzie, Bishop of Zululand, to which See he was appointed in 1880; of Dr. Wentworth Erck, originator of the Irish Landowners' Convention; of Mrs. Longman, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Longman, for many years head of the well-known publishing firm; and in his eighty-seventh year, of Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, since 1845 Chief Rabbi of the United Jewish Congregations of the British Empire. He was the son of the Chief Rabbi of Hanover, whom he succeeded in that office so long ago as 1830. Dr. Adler was the author of several Hebrew works and a volume of sermons on the Jewish faith, and was engaged on a great Biblical commentary. A portrait of Dr. Adler appeared in our issue of November 16, 1889.

AT THE FUNERAL of the late Lord Cairns, which took place last week, neither his mother, nor his wife, nor his brother, the present Earl, was able to be present, as they were all suffering



ARTHUR WILLIAM, SECOND EARL CAIRNS
Born December 21, 1861. Died January 14, 1890

from the influenza, which had proved fatal in his case. The portrait of the deceased Earl, engraved herewith, is from a photograph by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

POLITICAL.—Addressing a meeting of Gladstonians at Bedford on Tuesday, Lord Herschell made a remark, the laughter greeting which calls to mind the adage about the frequent truth of what may be said by way of a joke. It was, that "politics are becoming something like a Dutch auction, each party trying to vie with the other as to which could make the most extensive and most attractive offers." While pronouncing in favour of a reform of the House of Peers, Lord Herschell advocated the retention of a Second Chamber, as a check on the rash legislation of a dominant majority in an uncontrolled House of Commons.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone speaking on the same day at a *soirée* of the Chester Liberal Association, of which he is President, indulged in speculations on the prospects of a dissolution this year, to which some slight interest may attach as possibly reflecting the views of his father. Pronouncing the chief questions to be dealt with next session as "extremely difficult and dangerous," the "chances are," he said, that "the Government may come to grief over them." Referring to very different deliverances by other Gladstonians on the same subject, Mr. Brodrick, M.P., Financial Secretary to the War Office, speaking at Ayr on Monday, declared it to be significant that the men who a few months ago derided the Government for not daring to face a General Election because it was so weak, now anticipated an early dissolution because the Government was so strong.—The Liberal Unionists and Conservatives of the Partick Division of Lanarkshire, the seat for which is vacant through the death of Mr. Craig Sellar, have unanimously adopted as their candidate Mr. J. Parker Smith, of Jordanhill, who was unsuccessful in 1886 as Liberal Unionist candidate for Paisley. The Gladstonian candidate is Sir Charles Tennant, who as a Home Ruler was rejected in 1886 by his former constituents of Peebles and Selkirkshire.

LORD SALISBURY is convalescent, but, by the advice of his physicians, he remains at Hatfield for the present.

MR. CHAPLIN, as President of the Board of Agriculture, received on Wednesday an influential deputation from Kent, who asked for a relaxation of the Muzzling Order. The view expressed by Mr. Chaplin, in reply, was that when the Muzzling Order had done its work—as he hoped it soon would—then registration might be substituted for muzzling.

AT THE MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL on Tuesday, Lord Rosebery intimated that he was not a candidate for either of the two Aldermanic seats vacant through the resignation of Mr. Mark Beaufoy, M.P., and Mr. Samuel H. Morley. Sir T. H. Farrer moved an instruction to the Council Chamber and Officers' Committee to consider and report as to the acquisition of a suitable site for a Council Chamber and officers. In his speech he laid significant stress on his belief that the Council must one day absorb the City Corporation, unless the latter is to sink into "a mere

Vestry or District Board." An amendment proposing delay was rejected by 50 votes to 39. But it being too late for Sir T. Farrer's motion to be put, it will be further discussed at the next meeting of the Council.

SOME FRUITS OF "BALFOURISM."—County Court Judge Ferguson has been delivering quite a cheerful address to the Grand Jury at Bantry Quarter Sessions. There, and in the divisions of Macroom and Bandon, the only criminal case was one of petty larceny. Taking the entire West Riding of Cork, it was never, he said, in his long experience, so free from crime as now. Never in his experience had there been a year in which the advance of prosperity was so steady and rapid as in the past year, showing that absence of crime was attended with increase of prosperity.

A RATHER MUNIFICENT PROPOSAL has been made by an anti-Sabbatarian. At a working class meeting on Tuesday, convened by the National Sunday League, it was announced that one of its Vice-Presidents had offered to provide 3,000*l.* to defray the cost of opening the National Gallery and the Bethnal Green and South Kensington Museums on Sundays for a year. According to a statement at the meeting, the Trustees of the British Museum desire to open that institution on Sundays, but are prevented by the refusal of the Treasury to provide the necessary funds. A resolution calling for the general opening of National Museums, &c., on Sundays embodied the condition that "no officer shall work more than six days."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. G. W. Kekewich, brother of Mr. Justice Kekewich, son of the late Mr. Kekewich, long M.P. for North Devon, and of late years Senior Examiner in the Education Department, with which he has been connected for twenty years, succeeds the late Mr. Cumin in the important office of secretary of that department.—A fund amounting to 150*l.* was raised for Sister Rose Gertrude's uses before her departure, on Saturday last week for Molokai, and five cases of useful articles have been despatched to the leper islands.—The Howard Centenary was celebrated quietly at Bedford on Tuesday. The Memorial Committee still propose to erect in that town a statue of the philanthropist, but further funds are needed.—The Forth Bridge was tested on Tuesday by the crossing of a double train of waggons, weighing in all nearly 2,000 tons.—Heavy gales continued to sweep over the kingdom at the beginning of the week, causing much damage on sea and land. Mr. Paton, the contractor for carrying the mails between Morpeth and Rothbury, was found dead in a wild and desolate part of the road, where the fury of the gale had overturned the mail-cart, beneath which his corpse was found.



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has fixed Monday, February 3, for the hearing of Mr. Parnell's action against the *Times*.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST on the victims of the Forest Gate fire was concluded on Monday this week. The medical gentleman who was first on the scene after the disaster gave it as his opinion that in all probability most of the boys who died were suffocated in their sleep. The jury returned what was virtually a verdict of accidental death. In a long rider they made several suggestions for the prevention of the recurrence of a similar calamity, among these being that the doors of dormitories should be left unfastened, and that a watchman should be appointed to go round all the male wards, and a wards-woman round the female wards, at intervals during the night.

THE ACTION FOR LIBEL, *Fagge v. the Financial News*, tried before Mr. Baron Huddleston and a special jury, came to a close on Wednesday. The jury found for the defendants so far as regarded their charge against the plaintiff that the Gold Mining Company of which he was Secretary was a bogus one, but they found for the plaintiff as regarded the other charges against him in connection with his dealings as an outside broker, and his alleged misapplication of funds entrusted to him. In either case the costs followed the verdict.

IN THE MATTER of the prosecution of Messrs. Marks, Woolf, and Marx for conspiring to extort money from Messrs. Bebro and others by threatening to publish articles in the *Mining Record* exposing a gold company of theirs—the Crystal Rock Company, the jury were unable to agree after two hours' deliberation, and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge ordered them to be discharged.

MR. HELBY, a member of the London School Board, was the principal defendant in an action for slander, tried before Mr. Justice Field and a special jury, brought by Mr. Johnson, a builder and contractor, who had held building contracts with the London School Board to the amount of about 140,000*l.* In the course of an investigation of accounts by the Committee of the Board, the defendant was alleged to have spoken of Mr. Johnson as "a man without any means at all, and ten years ago a carpenter," insinuating, as was contended, that he was not a fit person to receive a large contract. The defendant denied the use of the words, and pleaded privilege; but he did not justify. The jury, finding that the words complained of had been uttered, and not *bona fide*, gave the plaintiff 200*l.* damages.

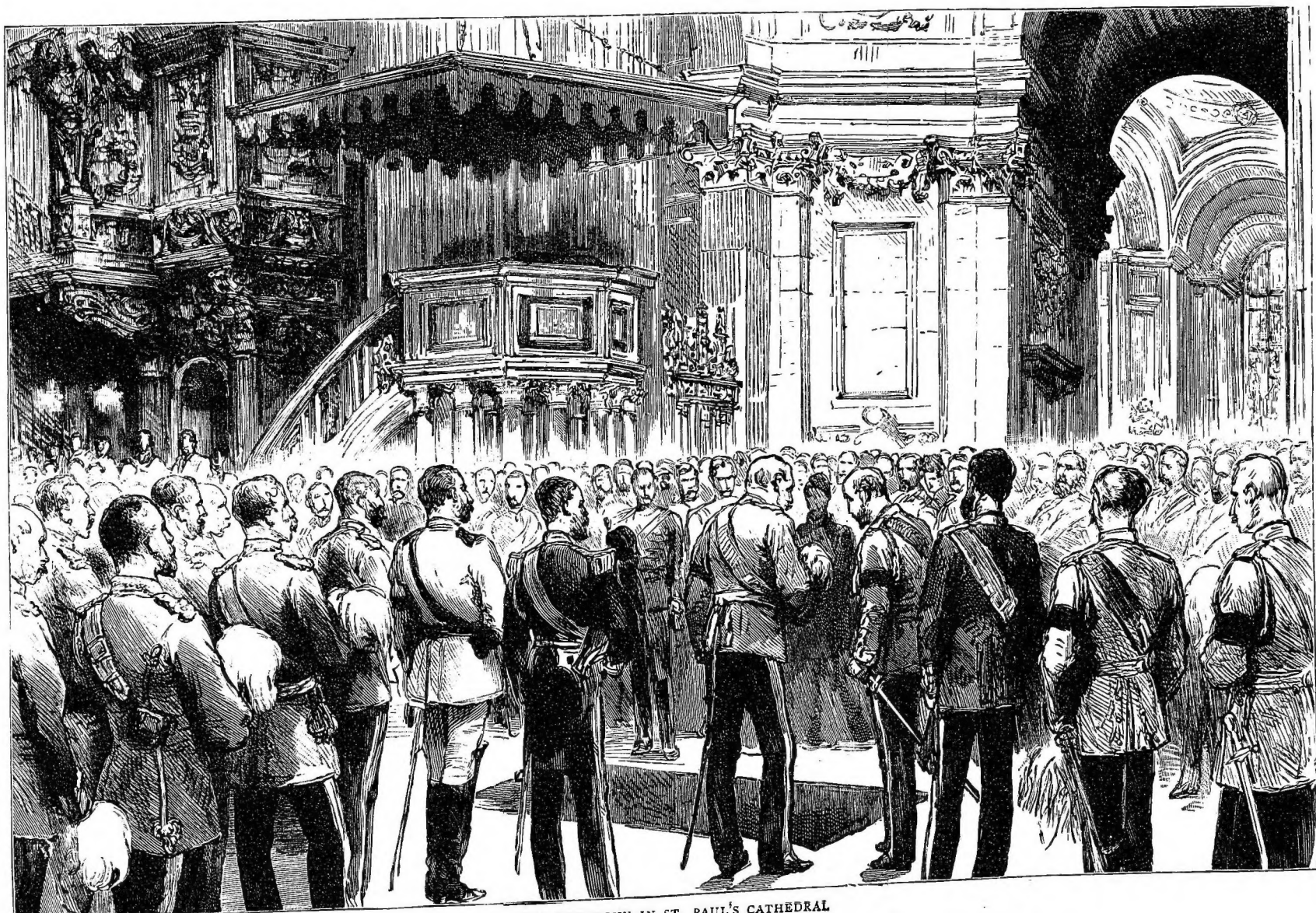
AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES are understood to be doing a considerable business in this country, but whatever benefits they may offer above those of our own similar institutions, in one respect the latter, by a recent judicial decision, have gained an advantage over them. In order to encourage the particular form of thrift exhibited in life assurance, the Income Tax Acts allowed the premium paid for a policy of life assurance to be deducted from the amount of income chargeable. In the case of a British policyholder in a New York Life Assurance Company, the Income Tax Commissioners sanctioned such a deduction to be made in respect of his annual premium. But the Crown, that is, the Surveyor of Taxes, appealed against this decision, and successfully, the Queen's Bench Division holding itself bound to declare that the assurance companies referred to in the Income Tax Acts must be British, and that therefore policy-holders in American and other foreign companies are not entitled to the deduction granted by the Legislature.

IN AN ACTION FOR SLANDER, tried before Mr. Justice Stephen, the defendant, a tobaccoist, who was acting as an amateur detective when the Whitechapel murders were at their height, made communications to Scotland Yard in connection with the murders, which subjected the plaintiff, a medical man, to considerable annoyance and a domiciliary visit from the police. On the plaintiff's complaining of the conduct of the defendant, the latter replied that he had only been discharging his duty as a citizen. In Court, however, he apologised, and agreed to pay the plaintiff's costs, and the case terminated, the Judge remarking on the notion of every man's having a duty to detect crime that his only duty was to sit still until he knew something actually about it. The amateur detection of crime only led to much inconvenience to all parties concerned.

UMBRELLAS are of little use in New Orleans, where no rain has fallen since September 24th last.

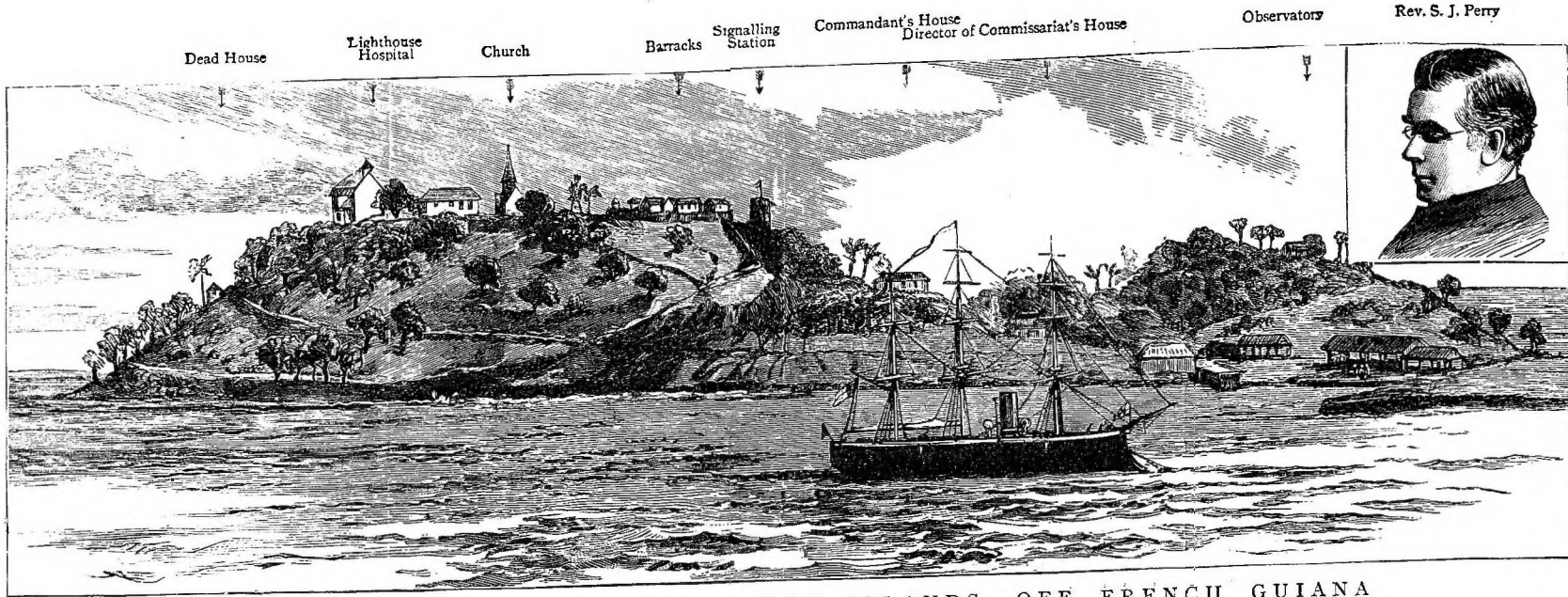


THE BODY BEING REMOVED FROM THE TOWER, ESCORTED BY NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS



THE CEREMONY IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

THE FUNERAL OF LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA



ROYAL ISLAND, ONE OF THE SALUT ISLANDS, OFF FRENCH GUIANA
An expedition was sent to these islands to observe the total eclipse of the sun from that point, under the command of the Rev. S. J. Perry, who died whilst there

HOW SURGEON CRIMMIN WON THE VICTORIA CROSS

ON January 4th we published the portrait of Surgeon John Crimmin, V.C.; this week we illustrate the gallant action which gained him the right to put those coveted letters after his name, and to wear on his breast the insignificant-looking decoration (intrinsic value, we believe, threepence sterling) which it is the aim of every true soldier to win. When, towards the close of 1888, it was decided to send an Expedition against the rebellious Karens, Surgeon Crimmin, who had already made a reputation as a capable officer, was appointed senior medical officer to the expeditionary force. On January the 1st, last year, the Biluch Mounted Infantry, to which Surgeon Crimmin was attached, had a sharp skirmish with a strong force of rebels. Several of our men were wounded, and, while engaged in attending to one of the sufferers, Surgeon Crimmin was attacked by three or four of the enemy. A surgeon is only nominally a "non-combatant," as Surgeon Crimmin, who is, like so many members of our Indian Medical Staff, an Irishman, quickly proved. Leaving for a moment the practice of the healing art, he turned to the defence of himself and his wounded charge, and laid about him so lustily that in a few moments some of his assailants were dead, and the rest fled.

The officer commanding the Mounted Infantry reported his gallantry to Brigadier-General Collett, who was at the head of the Expedition; Brigadier-General Collett mentioned it in his despatches; and the result was that late last year Surgeon Crimmin was awarded the Cross "For Valour."—Our engraving is from a sketch by Captain Francis J. Pink, The Queen's, Anglo-Siamese Boundary Commissioner.

THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE

IT may be observed that solar eclipses of an exceptionally interesting character—total, or annular, for example—are rarely visible in those localities where skilful astronomers and good instruments abound, but prefer to display their phenomena in comparatively inaccessible and unwholesome regions. This was the case with the solar eclipse of December 22nd, which, invisible at Greenwich (despite the existence of the Observatory) was total over the Caribbean Sea, along the north-east coast of South America, over St. Helena, and thence across South Tropical Africa. Consequently astronomers flocked to all sorts of "pitches" where there was a chance of viewing the eclipse; some to Cape Ledo, in South-West Africa; others to Barbados, and others to the Salut Islands, off the coast of French Guiana. The Cape Ledo and the Salut Expeditions were sent out by the Royal Astronomical Society, and the latter was in charge of Father Perry, accompanied by an assistant. In Africa bad weather prevented observations, while off the Guiana Coast Father Perry successfully observed the corona, but died of dysentery.

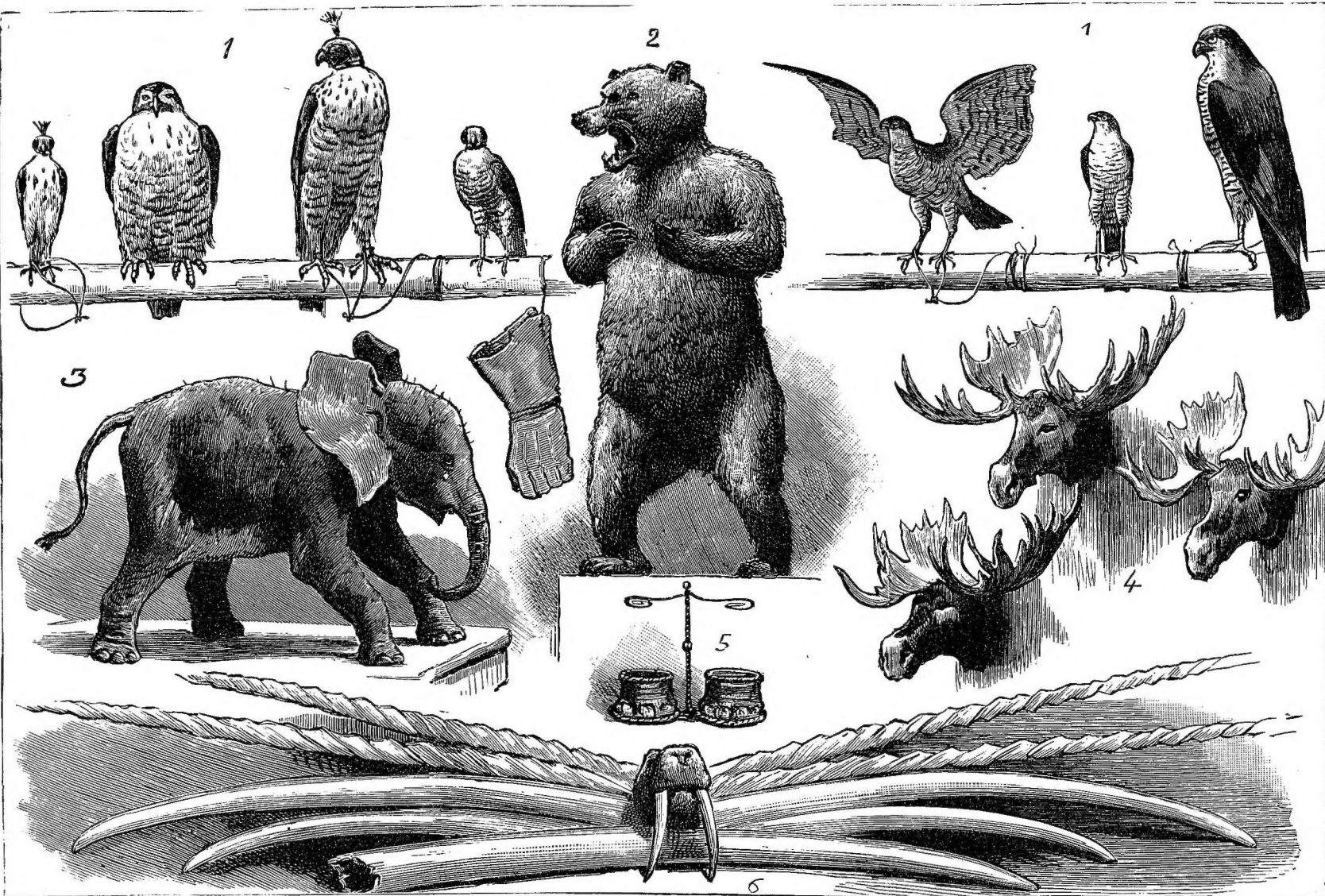
Stephen Joseph Perry was not merely an astronomical enthusiast, but a most kindly and loveable man. He was born in London in 1833, and, after studying at the Roman Catholic Colleges of Douay and Rome, entered the Society of Jesus in 1853. In 1860, he was appointed Professor and Director of the Observatory at Stonyhurst College. He was rarely absent from his post except when engaged in scientific expeditions, upon which he always embarked with zeal and cheerfulness. In 1874, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, W.; and the engraving of the island from a sketch by Mr. J. K. Watson, H.M.S. *Comus*.

LEAVING HOME BY A P. AND O. STEAMER

EVEN the casual on-looker can hardly observe unmoved the scene—not the less touching because it is common—of a father and mother leaving behind, in the care of others, the children born to them, who must not return to that country the climate of which is endurable to the native child only, though his conqueror holds the soil.

A typical group also is that of the three girls standing by the main saloon. Of excellent families, decked with the latest fads of fashion, and of playful manners—behold three modern examples of the "venture girl" of the East Indian. The modern "spin" is scarcely so bold as her predecessor, or so certain of a market, for of late the Three Presidencies have very frequently drawn blank, but she is still capable of taking care of herself. Cases exist on record when, in addition to the *trousseau* which accompanied the devoted fair ones, a packing-case, containing the bride-cake, completed the outfit. It is sad to know that the compound sometimes returned in a stale condition to its mother country. Not like the good old times in Calcutta's palmy days—then, on the arrival of a vessel in port, the great feature was parade at church on the first Sunday after landing. Then there was a muster from far and near; brave was the show, and quick the market. Another example of the superior sex on the flit may be seen in the festive widow travelling alone and unprotected, save for the shelter of the Captain's care.

Some travellers there are on every big ship who will never complete the voyage. We allude, of course, to the livestock, sheep, fowls, &c., carried for the consumption of the hungry passengers. Little reckon they, happily, of their impending fate, foreshadowed though it be by the butchers' tray resting in close proximity to their pens.



1. A Perch of Hawks used by English Falconers
2. Russian Bear shot by the late Czar
3. A Baby Elephant (six weeks old)

4. Moose Heads (*Alces Malchis*) shot by the Earl of Lonsdale
(These trophies form part of the collection brought back by Lord Lonsdale from his recent Arctic expedition)

5. Umbrella Stand made of Elephant's feet
6. Ivory Trophy, comprising one pair of Elephant tusks on stands, two pairs from East Africa, one tusk given to the Prince of Wales by Sir Samuel Baker, and four Narwhal horns



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

Mr. Sharl conducted Mildred—very shy and shame-faced under all this eloquence—to the carriage, and waited bare-headed in the sunshine.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER III.

The person who felt most aggrieved by the new arrangement was Miss Feltham. The poor lady was deeply mortified; but she was so habitually gentle, and so far from asserting any claims of her own to consideration, that few things would more have astonished Sir Lionel than to be told that Miss Feltham was suffering from wounded pride. It is certainly not a bad way of securing some measure of attention to our feelings to make the object of them immediately disagreeable to every one near us. But this was a method Miss Feltham had never practised. As she sat in the library awaiting the summons to luncheon, and working at her embroidery, just as she had done daily for so many years, she was thinking with mingled regret, apprehension, and bitterness of the deceased Lady Jane, the coming Lady Charlotte, and the prospect of being superseded and thrust aside from the place which had been so quietly occupied since the death of Sir Lionel Enderby's wife.

Sir Lionel, leaning back in his large easy-chair, was making a note with a pencil on the margin of a bookseller's catalogue that morning. Mildred was standing in the embrasure of a window, playing with a pet spaniel, which was too fat and too old to do more than languidly wag his tail in acknowledgment of her caresses; and Lucy Murston had perched herself on the table, busy with a book, which, apparently, absorbed all her attention.

At length Sir Lionel dropped the catalogue which he had been looking at, and gave to view a pale countenance, with a sunken nose, light blue eyes, and thin grey hair, brushed back from a high, narrow, and retreating forehead. His mouth, unconsciously bearded or mustached, had an odd little querulous pucker when shut, as though a disagreeable effort were necessary to bring the lips together. But when he smiled, its expression was not without sweetness.

"Where is Lucy—didn't she come in with you?" he asked, looking first at Miss Feltham and then at his daughter.

"Yes, Sir Lionel, she did," returned Miss Feltham. "There she is."

"Where?" inquired Sir Lionel, looking round the room as far as his range of vision extended. But his range of vision did not comprise the step-ladder on which Lucy had seated herself, for the sufficient reason that it was behind his chair.

"Lucy!" cried Mildred. "Come down and show yourself! Of course you're full fathom five deep in some stupid book or other."

"No, I'm not," protested Lucy. "At all events, not so deep but that I heard every word you have all been saying."

Whereat Mildred laughed, a fresh childlike laugh, and answered, "Not a bit of it! Father was asking if you had been brought back to luncheon, and where you were; and you didn't hear a syllable!"

Lucy sprang down, and came forward, book in hand, to where Sir Lionel could see her. "I beg your pardon, Sir Lionel," she said. "Did you speak to me?"

"No, my dear. Don't disturb yourself. Enjoy your book. What is it?"

Lucy showed him the volume in her hand. "H'm! Schiller. The ballads, eh? I don't read German."

"Yes, Sir Lionel; the ballads."

"Ha! Have you looked at the latest criticism on Schiller in the *Areopagus*?"

"No."

"Ah, it's very clever;—very well worth reading. They demolish Schiller—as a great poet, that is to say. You had better look at it."

"I'm afraid—I think I like Schiller best undemolished," answered Lucy, with a deprecating little smile.

"Ay, ay, but that's weak, Lucy. The student must seek for truth above all things. He should preserve that—a—that serene balance of the faculties which raises him—which buoys him up, as it were—into the intellectual empyrean. Miss Feltham, it is now nearly six minutes past two! And yesterday also, luncheon was between four and five minutes late. The cook must be told that this will not do. Nothing is worse than unpunctuality in serving meals. If I were a man in strong health, who simply felt hungry, it would be irritating enough. But for a feeble digestion like mine, it is very serious. It upsets me altogether. I really—Oh! it is the luncheon at last! Come along, Miss Feltham. Warner (to the butler), 'you will beg Mrs. Griffiths to be good enough to see that this kind of thing does not happen again. The consequences to my health might be extremely grave. Eh? The library time-piece is fast? Then why is it allowed to be fast? It is somebody's business to regulate it, I presume. I set my watch by it this morning; and thus, you see, everything is thrown out! Miss Feltham, I recommend you to try these salmon cutlets. It is a remarkable thing, and shows the peculiarity of my case, that I never find salmon, in the form of cutlets, disagree with me—which is fortunate, as I am particularly fond of it cooked in that way. No; no sherry, Warner. Give me some dry champagne. I shall touch no other wine to-day. I must be a little careful!'"

Luncheon was nearly over, when a servant brought in an envelope which he handed to the butler, who gravely presented it to Miss Feltham. She glanced at it, and looked across the table at Sir Lionel. "A note, eh?" said the latter, "for me? If you will be good enough to keep it for the present, I will open it in the library by and by, if you please."

"It is a telegram, Sir Lionel."

"Oh! A telegram? Well, I believe I may venture to open it at once. It is not as though it had arrived before luncheon. Bring it to me, Warner. I suppose, Miss Feltham, that this is from Lady Charlotte."

It was from Lady Charlotte, and announced her arrival at Enderby Court for the following day; that is to say a week sooner than she had been expected.

Lady Charlotte seemed to have a taste for telegraphing, even although there were nothing so pressing in her missives but that they might have been communicated by the post. Miss Feltham was made nervous by this shower of telegrams, but Sir Lionel seemed rather to enjoy the arrival of these frequent messages. The slight excitement of reading them amused him, and it was an excitement which cost him nothing. No trouble to himself could result from them. Lady Charlotte would never, he was well persuaded, think of anything so preposterous as requiring him to take active exertion of mind or body on her behalf.

"Well, Miss Feltham," he said, "Mrs. Griffiths must be told to have Lady Charlotte's apartments prepared for to-morrow evening. Your aunt will be here to dinner, to-morrow, Mildred."

"How she changes her mind!" exclaimed Mildred. "It was settled that she was not to come before Wednesday."

"Circumstances have changed, my dear; and, like a wise woman, she has changed her mind in accordance with them. Lord and Lady Grimstock are going down to the country sooner than was expected, and no doubt their house in town will be shut up."

"I think they ought to have considered that they might inconvenience other people before they changed all the arrangements at a moment's notice."

"They know, I presume, that the arrival of one guest at Enderby Court can scarcely cause us any inconvenience," replied Sir Lionel, with complacent jocularity. "Mrs. Griffiths is pretty sure to have something in the larder; and I believe she will have no difficulty in furnishing a pair of clean sheets."

"Oh, of course, father, I wasn't thinking of that sort of thing. Of course there are always plenty of dinners and beds!"

"Dinners and beds and such matters are not quite so abundant

of course, everywhere as at Enderby Court, my dear Mildred," observed Miss Feltham. "But, naturally, Lady Charlotte knows all about the household she is coming to."

Miss Feltham spoke very gently, but it cannot be denied that there was a faint spice of malice in her little speech; for the house of Grimstock was not unacquainted with poverty; and until the marriage of the present Earl, who had won a wife with some fortune, they had had to struggle with debt and difficulty.

"Tell me something about Aunt Charlotte, father," said Mildred. "What is she like?"

"Like? Oh—a—she has been very handsome, you know: quite a beauty."

"Yes; I know. But now—what is she like now?"

"Well, she is tall, like your dear mother. All the Gaunts are tall. And—and she is fair, I think. Yes; she would be called fair. And—and—really, Mildred, you must not besiege me with questions. You will see her to-morrow. I must have absolute repose of mind for half-an-hour after luncheon, or I shall be quite upset."

Upon this, Sir Lionel withdrew to the library, and the household understood perfectly well that he was not to be disturbed on any pretext until he should ring his bell.

Miss Feltham and the two girls repaired to the schoolroom, which was their favourite sitting-room. It had none of the bare, bleak aspect which such an apartment often wears. One side of it was lined with bookshelves. It contained an excellent pianoforte. A few flower paintings by Miss Feltham made agreeable islands of colour on the grey wall-paper. The girls had collected there, by degrees, various articles of furniture more or less pretty and luxurious. And Miss Feltham's special chair, with its delicate chintz cushions, was almost as comfortable, although not so stately, as Sir Lionel's in the library.

Mildred nestled herself down on a stool close to the governess's knee, and said, coaxingly, "Now you tell me about Aunt Charlotte, Elfy dear!" (Elfy was a pet name which had originated in Mildred's attempts to say "Feltham" when she was barely four years old). "And please don't begin by saying that Aunt Charlotte was a beauty once upon a time, because I seem to have heard that ever since I could walk and talk."

Miss Feltham remained silent for a minute, and then answered hesitatingly, "It is so long—so many, many years—since I saw Lady Charlotte, my dear."

Lucy Marston rose up quietly, and went towards the door.

"Where are you off to, Lucy?" cried Mildred.

"Only to get some fresh flowers for our big bowl. Don't you see those are nearly all withered?" And Lucy slipped out of the room.

Mildred was about to call her back, but Miss Feltham checked her. "Lucy is quite right," she said. "She has too much delicacy of feeling to listen to what I might say to you about your aunt. Not that there are any secrets—at least, none that I know," added Miss Feltham under her breath.

"Secrets!" echoed Mildred. "Well, I suppose not! But Lucy is one of us as much as you are!"

A slight flush tinged the governess's pale face as she answered, "You must be prepared, my dear, for Lady Charlotte Gaunt's taking rather a different view from yours, both of Lucy Marston and myself."

"Different! A different view! How different?"

"My dear, it would be only natural, you know, if she did."

Mildred pondered for a minute or two, and then asked, "Is Aunt Charlotte disagreeable, Elfy?"

The question was put so suddenly and directly as quite to startle Miss Feltham, who, on her side, had been meditating silently. "What—who—who says so?" she stammered.

"I think," returned Mildred, "that if she does not very soon love both you and Lucy she must be very disagreeable indeed."

Miss Feltham was evidently flurried out of her usual soft composure of manner. She urged on Mildred the duty of receiving her aunt with proper respect, and of cherishing only the kindest thoughts of her. But all Miss Feltham's desire—and it was sincere—to make her think dutifully and favourably of her aunt, could not efface Mildred's strong impression that the governess herself regarded Lady Charlotte with fear, and with something like repulsion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Sir Lionel drove out alone with his daughter—he never allowed more than one person to accompany him in his drives; alleging that the effort of conversing with any one on the opposite seat was distressing to him—and Lucy was left to spend the forenoon with Miss Feltham. Lucy had announced her intention of going home that evening. Mildred had exclaimed, at first, "Oh! you mustn't go away to-night. You must stay and see Aunt Charlotte."

But when Lucy replied that Lady Charlotte would naturally prefer to have her first evening alone with the family, and would not like to have a stranger thrust upon her in the moment of her arrival, Mildred did not insist, as she might have done before her conversation with Miss Feltham; although she had by no means familiarised herself with the idea that Lucy could be looked on as a stranger by any inmate of Enderby Court.

Miss Feltham, as she sat in the schoolroom working at her embroidery, was thinking of the past. Memories which had long lain dormant revived. Lady Charlotte had entirely passed out of her life for many years; but, in the prospect of seeing her once more, Miss Feltham seemed to live over again the days when she had been governess to Lady Jane Gaunt, and when the elder sister had been the imperious and idolised beauty, to whose supposed advantage the other members of the family were sacrificed:—so far as it was in the power of her doating mother to sacrifice them. So full was Miss Feltham's mind of these thronging recollections, that they overflowed at her lips. "It will seem strange to meet Lady Charlotte again!" she exclaimed.

Lucy Marston, who was copying some passages for Sir Lionel's commonplace book, looked up from her book, and said, "You have not seen her for a long time?"

"Not for more than eighteen years. She was very handsome, but she never had the charm—at least, not to me—of dear Lady Jane. There never was any one like Lady Jane," said the governess, with genuine feeling.

"Except Mildred!"

"Except—Ah, well, of course Mildred is little more than a child. But I am in great hopes that she may grow up to be such another woman as her mother."

There was a silence, during which Lucy turned over the leaves of her book, and made one or two extracts, and Miss Feltham plied her needle.

Then the latter, evidently pursuing her previous train of thought, said, "It does seem singular that she should never have married; so undoubtedly handsome, and so much admired as she was! I suppose she was too proud, and looked too high. Although at one time I thought—and I wasn't the only one to fancy it—that she had an attachment which certainly could not be called ambitious."

Lucy pushed her book a little to one side, and raised her head to listen, being attracted by the prospect of a love-story.

And by degrees Miss Feltham related how there had been a bright, good-humoured, high-spirited young fellow, a school-friend of her brother's, who was supposed to have found favour in the eyes of the haughty and imperious Lady Charlotte Gaunt.

"He was pleasant and lively enough, my dear; but nothing very special; nothing that you would have thought likely to attract such a person as Lady Charlotte, who was used to the very highest people. For he came of a quite middle-class family, and was not distinguished in any way. Sometimes I think the charm was just his careless high spirits, and his easy way of treating all the family as though he had known them all his life. He was never in the least forward or impudent. He was a gentleman in manners and education, if not by birth. Only you saw in a moment that he would naturally begin with a prejudice in favour of any one whom Mr. Hubert Gaunt liked. This brother was the only person who seemed to have much influence over her; for she certainly was most tremendously self-willed and scornful. But if there was any reverence in her nature, I think Mr. Hubert was the only one who called it forth. He was deeply religious. All the Gaunts were sound Church people; but Hubert was a kind of saint. He took a Holy Orders, and every one said he would be a shining light and a pillar of the Church. But he was cut off in the prime of his early manhood, by a putrid fever, which he caught in visiting the sick poor."

"But how was it about Lady Charlotte's attachment?" asked Lucy. These rambling reminiscences did not interest her. She wanted the love-story. "Was the gentleman very much in love with her?"

"Oh, I don't know that there was an attachment at all! I should be sorry to assert it. I know nothing positive," said Miss Feltham, hastily. And then she fell silent, with a disturbed face.

Lucy, after waiting a moment, returned to her occupation. But presently, Miss Feltham's impulse to speak of the old memories and the old feelings which were so unwontedly stirred within her overcame her habitual timid reticence, and she began again. This time Lucy was careful not to startle her with questions, but let her reminiscences flow on uninterruptedly in their own discursive fashion.

"Certainly I cannot say that I ever thought young Rushmere cared half as much about Lady Charlotte as she cared for him—which seems very extraordinary when one comes to think of it all, for she was high above him in every way; and, as for beauty—she was acknowledged to be the most beautiful girl in society the year she was presented, and for several seasons afterwards."

"People don't always fall in love with the most beautiful women they see," said Lucy, softly.

"No; I suppose not. Besides, one woman seems the most beautiful to this person, and another to that. Now, I never admired Miss Graham myself. But she was admired. Gentlemen admired her. I always believed in my own mind that Mr. Rushmere admired her very much."

"I suppose she was a friend of Lady Charlotte's?" ventured Lucy, cautiously.

"Well—yes; in a way. She was a humble sort of companion—she was an orphan. I have an idea that she was the child of a bailiff, or steward, or some one who had been employed by my lord on his property in the north of England. However that may be, I found her in the family when I first went there as governess to Lady Jane; and, certainly, she was very clever, and had a good many accomplishments. She had been at school in Paris, and spoke French admirably; indeed, she had a great gift for languages. I never knew any one with the same facility except yourself, Lucy."

As she spoke, Lucy raised her eyes and met those of Miss Feltham fixed upon her with an odd, puzzled look.

"It's very singular," said the latter. "There must be some association of ideas which seems to have just flashed on me and escaped. I have lost a link somewhere. What could I have been going to say? Or was it only some recollection which I had nearly seized, and which went out like a spark into the darkness?"

All this she said musingly, and still looking at the young girl, who had now turned her eyes on to the slips of paper which she was numbering and laying in order.

"Then didn't Miss Graham teach French since she knew it so well?" said Lucy, composedly; and chiefly with a view to draw on Miss Feltham to talk more.

"What, at Lady Grimstock's? Oh, dear no. She was very young: several years younger than Lady Charlotte. No; she was just a *démouillee de compagnie*, and was Lady Charlotte's special protégée. I did not like her, I confess. I never could like her," pursued Miss Feltham, thoughtfully. "I wonder if I did her injustice!"

"No!" answered Lucy, boldly. Then, with an affectionate smile, she added, "I don't know anything about Miss Graham, but I know you."

"Ah, my dear, that is very kind. But I may have been incharitable; perhaps more than I should be now. Yet I must confess that I thought she set herself to attract Mr. Hubert Gaunt in a way which—which—well perhaps I was wrong, and yet Lady Grimstock was uneasy about it at one time; I know she was. Only, as Lady Charlotte chose to take her under her especial patronage, nobody dared to hint a word against her."

"It seems to have been a very complicated position!" exclaimed Lucy. "It reminds me of that song of Heine's, where they are all at cross purposes, loving the wrong people."

"Oh, my dear, don't quote Heine! A dangerous writer! And yet," she added, under her breath, "it was very like that. *Der Andre liebt eine Andre!*"

"Well, and what was the end of it all?" asked Lucy, after a somewhat prolonged silence.

"The end of it?"

"What became of Mr. Rushmere?"

"Oh, the end of it, as far as he was concerned, was that he was ordered away rather suddenly to join his regiment in India, and he dropped out of sight. I believe there came a rumour very shortly that he had been badly injured when tiger-shooting, and obliged to leave the army. But whether any of the Gaunt family knew the particulars or not, they were too full of their own trouble at the time to give much thought to a stranger; for Mr. Hubert fell ill and died of fever, as I told you. It was a great blow to them all. But Lady Charlotte seemed to feel it more than any one. She was a changed woman after her brother's death—altogether broken down."

"And Miss Graham?"

"Miss Graham fell into ill health, and went away to some distant kinsfolk in Northumberland or Scotland, I never knew exactly where it was, but I remember that Lady Charlotte was interested in her to the last, and made arrangements for her journey, and all that. Then the next year Lady Jane was presented, and came out in society. My services were wanted no longer, and I got another situation. It was years before I saw any of them again."

"Not until you came here to educate Mildred?"

"Not until then. But dear Lady Jane had not lost sight of me. She always wrote now and then. Ah, there never was such a staunch constant friend as she was!" Then, looking round the room with eyes brimful of tears, she murmured, "Dear old schoolroom! I have been very happy here."

The words were not necessarily sad, but the tone in which they were uttered gave them almost the significance of a farewell. There was a feeling in Lucy's heart, also, that a chapter of her young life was being closed. To-morrow a new reign would begin, and a change that would affect them all. And whether the change

were for good or ill, the old conditions could return never, never more.

At seventeen that is not so mournful a thought as at fifty-five. Neither was Lucy so depressed as Miss Feltham. Still, the girl was conscious of a vague feeling of apprehension; and the future looked rather blank. She finished her task for Sir Lionel in silence, and then taking the volume from which she had been copying in her hand, she said playfully, "You will bear witness, Miss Feltham, that I am now going to put my book back in its place on the library shelf."

"Yes, my dear; you were always attentive to rules. I wish dear Mildred were as methodical."

"And I may as well say good-bye now, Miss Feltham. I don't think Sir Lionel will want me; because there will be no time before luncheon, and he never works after it. So I will just walk home. I shall be in time for their early dinner."

"Is there anything you want carried to Mr. Shard's?"

"Nothing more than I can carry myself in my bag. Good-bye, dear Miss Feltham."

"Good-bye, my dear." Then the governess kissed the girl's forehead, and said, "You have been a very good, sweet pupil; and a pupil to be proud of, Lucy."

Again there was a tone of more solemn farewell than the occasion seemed to require. Lucy Marston had gone backwards and forwards a score of times between her uncle's house and the Court without even saying "Good-bye." But now Miss Feltham seemed, by her parting words, to recognise that the old relations between them had come to an end.

Lucy arrived at Shard's house about half-an-hour before the hour of their early dinner. She was not received with any flattering warmth. Her uncle was employing that time of leisure in reading the newspaper; and her aunt repeated over and over again that she had not expected to see her before the end of the month, and that she could not comprehend why in the world she had left the Court so much sooner than had been intended.

All this was uttered in a querulous tone; not that Mrs. Shard felt herself especially aggrieved by Lucy's appearance, but her habitual manner was that of a person who, having long struggled under a cruelly heavy burthen, was now called upon to endure the last straw.

"I hope it is not inconvenient to you, Aunt Sarah, but a telegram came from Lady Charlotte, announcing her arrival for this evening, and I thought she might consider it intrusive, if I thrust myself among them in the first moment of her arrival."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing, Lucy! Never! To make a stranger of yourself in that way, when Enderby Court has been more your home than this has, for years and years! It's almost like flying in the face of Providence!"

"But you know, Aunt Sarah, I am not really one of the family. I ought not to encroach on their kindness."

At this point Mr. Shard looked up from his newspaper, and, without any preliminary salutation, inquired whether Sir Lionel, or any of the family, had hinted a wish to get rid of her; and being answered that, on the contrary, she had been pressed to stay, and that Sir Lionel had made her promise to return to the Court in good time on the following day, to proceed with some work she was doing for him, Mr. Shard nodded, said "All right," and resumed reading an article on the state of the Money Market, without taking any notice of her.

The house now inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Shard had been the house of Mr. and Mrs. Marston. But the Shards' mode of life was very different from that of their predecessors. Mrs. Shard had been so long subjected to pinching poverty, that she looked upon all expenditure beyond the merest necessities as dangerous extravagance; while her husband, so long as his bodily needs were satisfactorily provided for, contented himself very well without the embellishments of life. In Mrs. Marston's time the drawing-room had been made pretty, and was daily occupied. It was now shut up, and only opened to be cleaned; or on Sunday afternoons in the summer time, when Mrs. Shard sometimes sat there with a big family Bible open on the table before her. The dining-parlour was used all day as the one sitting-room, Mr. Shard, when he desired privacy, withdrawing to a small room behind the office, where he had a few law-books, and a fire-proof safe let into the wall. The dining-room was not large, and its atmosphere would have been improved by the more frequent admission of fresh air, and its appearance by the removal of the only adornments which Mrs. Shard had contributed to its furniture. These consisted in rectangular pieces of a coarse, whitey-brown material, which, in their original condition, must have looked like the towels supplied to a penitentiary, but which Mrs. Shard had embroidered with worsted of dingy colours, and had spread over the backs of chairs and on the cushions of a small settee which stood in the window.

All these things had doubtless undergone no change since Lucy had last seen them, little over a fortnight ago, yet they now struck her as being more sordid, gloomy, and vulgar. The truth was that she was looking at them with different eyes. The thought—scarcely articulate, but still active in her mind—that it might henceforth be her lot to live entirely among these surroundings, and to endure Aunt Sarah's daily and hourly companionship, made the demeanour of Mr. and Mrs. Shard appear to her unusually disagreeable; all their defects were suddenly intensified, like objects seen through a powerful magnifying glass. Mrs. Shard's black net cap—which she wore because it was more economical than a white one—Mr. Shard's coarse mouth, the puckers round his eyes, and his untidy, lank, grizzled hair, much in need of the shears, assumed a new hideousness. Little peculiarities and vulgarities which, last week, would have made her smile, now came very near to making her shudder.

These emotions, however, were naturally quite unsuspected by the Shards. Lucy was never very talkative in their company, and neither of them had a sufficiently strong interest in her to observe that her quietude to-day was a different quietude from that to which they were accustomed.

Mr. Shard, for his part, gave his undivided attention to his dinner. When that was finished, and a tumbler-full of cold gin and water had been placed on a little table at his elbow, he began to question Lucy in a high-pitched squeaky voice, which contrasted oddly with his tall, large-jointed person. Why was Lady Charlotte to arrive earlier than had been expected? Was Sir Lionel put out about it? Did Miss Enderby seem pleased at the idea of her Aunt's coming? and so forth. Then, with a cunning look out of his half-closed eyes, what sort of a report did Miss Feltham give of Lady Charlotte Gaunt?

"What sort of report?" repeated Lucy, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I know she lived governess at the Countess of Grimstock's. That I know for a fact. So she must know all about this Lady Charlotte."

"She was not Lady Charlotte's governess," answered Lucy. "Her pupil was Lady Jane, who was several years younger than her sister."

"Oh! ah! yes; I see. This one would be out of the school-room already. Still, living in the same house with people, you can always find out a great deal about them. Does she say, now, whether this lady is like her sister?"

"I should imagine not. Lady Charlotte was a great beauty, they say."

"Ah! I think I've heard so. Well, Lady Jane Enderby wasn't a beauty, certainly!"

Here Mr. Shard indulged in a kind of voiceless chuckle. But, suddenly checking it, he added, gravely, "A most excellent lady! Truly pious. 'We ne'er shall look upon her like again.'"

At the word "pious" Mrs. Shard uttered a mournful sound, with closed lips, which might best be described, perhaps, as a mild and long-drawn moan. She was, however, very far from intending to suggest anything ludicrous; and merely meant to convey her profound sense of Lady Jane Enderby's piety.

"But I wasn't thinking only of looks," pursued Mr. Shard. "I wanted to know if you had picked up anything about this one's ways and temper, and likes and dislikes. Useful knowledge, Lucy; useful knowledge! And Miss Feltham might impart a good deal of it, if she would, I'd lay a wager."

"Miss Feltham has not even seen Lady Charlotte Gaunt for eighteen years," answered Lucy coldly. She was well resolved not to betray a word of Miss Feltham's confidence; and Mr. Shard's remarks disgusted her unspeakably.

"I don't think why Lucy came off in that way!" put in Mrs. Shard, shaking her head over the stocking she was darning. "It looks so strange! Just as if she wasn't fit company for Lady Charlotte. I had no idea she'd leave the Court before the end of the month; not the least idea of it."

"You 'can't think—?' You've been told why she came away!" rejoined her husband testily.

Then turning to Lucy, "I dare say you were right. You know them, or ought to, by this time. And if Miss Feltham is close—I don't blame her for it. Of course she wants to keep her place, and it's dangerous to tattle—why you're cute enough to find out how the land lies for yourself. You've got the length of Sir Lionel's foot any way. And that's a great thing. And Miss Enderby is devoted to you; and that's a greater. It's my belief," concluded Mr. Shard, in a tone meant to be complimentary and encouraging, "that if you play your cards commonly well, you'll come round Lady Charlotte as well as the rest of 'em."

This and similar speeches had the effect, unforeseen, and indeed unimaginable, by Mr. Shard, of making Lucy, for the first time in her life, shrink from returning to Enderby Court.

By degrees the first tingling sensation of surprise, and shame, and indignation, wore off. But there remained a heavy sense of nervous depression, which not even a night's sleep—the restorative sleep of youth and health—could entirely remove. And she lingered so long the next morning, under the pretext of setting her clothes in order, in her own room, that Mildred grew tired of waiting for her return to Enderby Court, and appeared herself at Mrs. Shard's house in quest of her.

Mrs. Shard hastened upstairs to the bedroom, where Lucy was listlessly looking through drawers, and hanging up dresses, and breaking off at intervals to stare vaguely out of the window.

"Well, Lucy, perhaps another time you may not think me so foolish. I said I could not understand why you left the Court in that abrupt way, and now here's Miss Enderby come for you herself!"

Mrs. Shard supported herself against the mantelpiece, and panted laboriously. Her thin form, deeply-sunken eyes, and pale yellow skin gave her a painful aspect of ill-health. And yet she never behaved as an invalid, and was always active in her household occupations.

"I am very sorry you should have had to run upstairs, Aunt Sarah," said Lucy, pushing forward a chair. "Pray sit down a moment! You have hurried too much."

"Miss Enderby is in the drawing-room, and the pony-carriage is at the gate," answered Mrs. Shard, reproachfully.

Lucy ran down the stairs, and into the drawing-room. It was at the back of the house, and opened on to a garden which, in Mrs. Marston's time, had been famous for its standard roses, but which now produced little besides cabbages and onions. The disused room struck chill and damp. The furniture was swathed in coarse cotton wrapping; and a stiff, wiry, yellow gauze veiled the long mirror at the end of the room opposite to the window. Mildred was standing forlornly in the middle of the floor, looking out at the cabbages, and at a collection of Mr. Shard's flannel shirts drying on a line at the bottom of the garden.

"Oh, Mildred, dear!" exclaimed Lucy, kissing the girl's fair fresh cheek.

"And oh, Lucy, dear! What a nice young person you are, not to have come near us all this morning! I suppose if I had not appeared to fetch you, you would never have returned at all!"

"I was just getting ready to come, dear," answered Lucy.

"Put your hat on. I got leave to drive down to fetch you, and orders to bring you back by force if necessary! Do make haste!"

"That's what I told her, Miss Enderby," said Mrs. Shard, who had now entered the room. "I mentioned that the carriage was at the gate, and that the groom was holding the ponies' heads." Then, as Lucy had gone away to make ready for the drive, Mrs. Shard said, "I don't know whether you would condescend to take any refreshment, Miss Enderby, would you?"

"Oh, thank you so much," answered Mildred, blushing violently at being asked to "condescend." "But I really don't want anything. It is very kind of you, indeed, to offer it. I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you at this hour."

"We consider it an honour, Miss Enderby—Mr. Shard and myself. I'm only sorry you should have had the trouble of coming for Lucy. I said to Mr. Shard, 'Jacob,' I said—Oh, here is Mr. Shard."

There was Mr. Shard, who had hurried from the office, pressed in bows, welcomes, apologies, and inquiries all in a breath.

"I hope I see you well, Miss Enderby; and Sir Lionel? It is most kind of you to come for Lucy. You will understand that a man's delicacy of feeling made her reluctant to intrude—I trust her ship is none the worse for her journey? It must be a beautiful pleasure to you, indeed, to have the society of so near a relative of your honoured mother. Ah, dear me, dear me, what an admirable lady she was! We ne'er shall look upon her like again, Miss Enderby. Indeed, I made that very remark, in those very words, to my wife and niece yesterday, as Lucy can tell you. Well—well, we can't help our feelings. I've no doubt Lady Charlotte would be the best to appreciate them. Here is Lucy. Now, I won't venture to detain you. I'm a plain unpolished man, but I believe I am right in thinking it the best politeness to speed the parting guest. I am sure you don't want to waste any more time here. Allow me, Miss Enderby."

Mr. Shard conducted Mildred—very shy and shame-faced under all this eloquence—to the carriage, and waited bareheaded in the sunshine until the grey-haired groom had given the reins to his young mistress and mounted to his place behind her.

"Good-bye, my dear Lucy!—good-bye, good-bye!"

Mr. Shard continued to bow and to wave his hand until the carriage was lost to sight at a bend in the road; when, with an abrupt and complete change of demeanour, he turned round, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, softly whistling, walked back to the door.

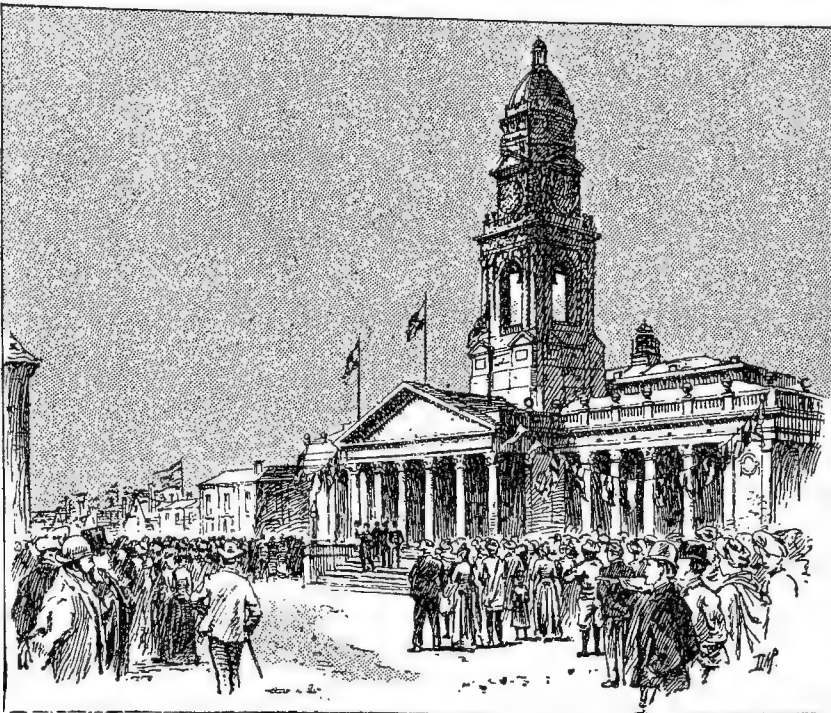
(To be continued)

POPULAR SCHOOLMASTERS in Guatemala receive summary treatment from their scholars. The boys of a school at Tucanshe found their teacher unjust, so they promptly hanged him to the nearest tree. Moreover, the authorities let the affair pass unpunished.

VISIT OF DELEGATES FROM THE ORANGE FREE STATE TO DURBAN

ON the occasion of the cutting of the first sod of the railway which is to unite Natal with the Orange Free State, three Delegates from the latter State, Messrs. Fischer, Fraser, and Martin, paid a visit to Durban.

The ceremony took place on Friday, November 7th, and was per-



THE RECEPTION AT THE TOWN HALL, DURBAN

formed in the presence of a large assembly by the Governor of the Colony, Sir Charles Mitchell. The Natalians, however, were not satisfied that their guests should see only the remote part of the Colony from which the new line starts, but wished that the Delegates should see for themselves something of the country and people, rightly judging that this would be the best means of

from the town. Here the Delegates embarked on a steam launch and proceeded first to inspect the new suction dredger, the *Beaver*, which was at work. Thence they proceeded to view the important Harbour Works which have been in progress for some years, and which have for their object the deepening of the water on the bar which closes the mouth of the harbour. How successful these works have been may be judged from the fact that, whereas ten or fifteen years ago none but small vessels could enter the harbour,

within the last two months two or more large ocean steamers of the Clan Line have come safely in over the bar and discharged their cargoes alongside the wharf. It is hoped that at no very distant date the Royal Mail steamers of the Union and Castle Lines may be able to come inside. The enormous impetus given to trade here by the opening up of the Gold Fields in the Transvaal makes it imperative that no time should be lost in landing goods consigned to this port, and the authorities seem fully awake to the necessity of making the harbour as safe and easy of access as possible. Returning to *terra firma*, the Delegates were entertained at luncheon at the Alexandra Hotel, and returned to town in the afternoon. In the evening there was a *Conversazione* at the Town Hall, to which all citizens of Durban were invited. In the course of the evening an interesting ceremony was performed in the unveiling of a marble bust of the late C. Innes, Esq., C.E., who was formerly Engineer of the Harbour Works. On Wednesday morning the Delegates favoured Mr. B. Kisch with a visit to his photographic studio, where the likenesses given herewith were taken. They then proceeded by special train to Verulam, a small town on the coast, the centre of the sugar-growing part of the Colony. *En route*, the train stopped for an hour or so at the Mount Edgecombe Estate, where the splendid sugar mill, fitted with all the latest appliances, was inspected. After lunch and speeches at Verulam, a return was

made to Durban, and in the evening the theatre was visited, when the Perkins Opera Company gave a capital representation of *Dorothy*.

This officially closed the visit, which it is hoped may bear fruit in a better understanding of the Coonists and resources of Natal on the part of its Free State neighbours.



MR. FISCHER
Delegate of the Orange Free State



MR. FRASER
Delegate of the Orange Free State



MR. MARTIN
Delegate of the Orange Free State

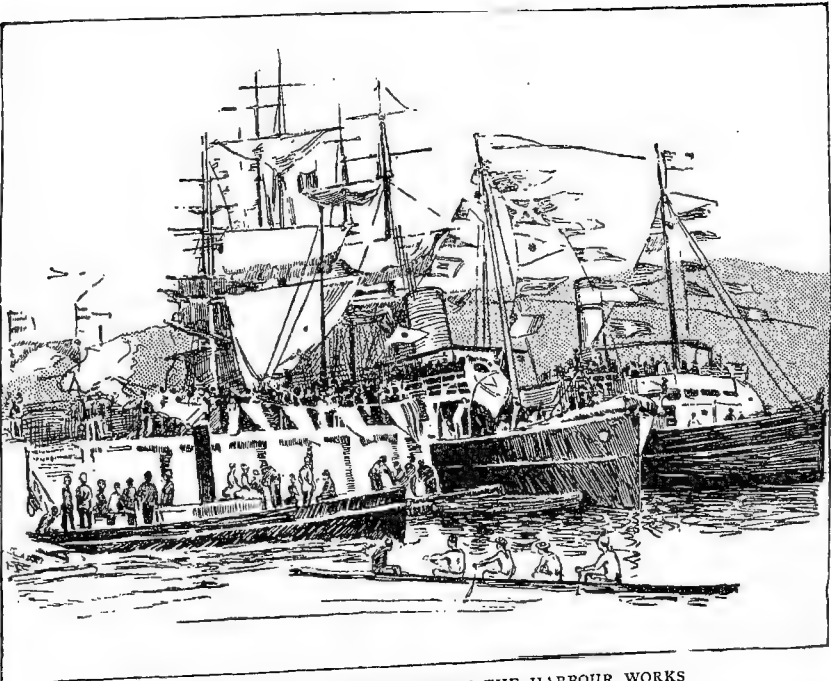
dispelling some of the misunderstandings which have unfortunately existed between the various colonies of South Africa.

Accordingly the Delegates accompanied by Sir Charles Mitchell and suite arrived on Monday, November 10th, and drove at once to the Town Hall (a remarkably handsome building, by the way), where they were received by the Mayor (Mr. Greenacre) and many members of the Council. The streets were handsomely decorated with palms and flowers; crowds of people of various nationalities, colonists, Indians in their bright and picturesque dresses,

"THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED"

In this picture, the idea of which was suggested to Mrs. Gore by Goldsmith's well-known poem, a dainty little girl, dressed in blue, represented seated on a sunny hillside, bright with marguerites and tall grass, has essayed to amuse her four-footed playmates by reading Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," and, if we may judge from the attention they appear to be paying, has quite succeeded in doing so. The edition which she is using, it

will be noticed, is that illustrated by the late Randolph Caldecott, and it may be that the roguish imagination of the artist, as exemplified in his irresistibly comic sketches, is responsible for upsetting the little maid's judgment. At any rate it is evident that, with the irrational sympathies of four or five summers, she regards the *dog* rather than the *man* as the hero of the narrative, and consequently the *dénouement*, "The man recovered from the bite, The dog it was that died," is, to her, both unexpected and unwelcome, while her regret is evidently increased by her having unconsciously wounded the feelings of her dumb companions. This picture was exhibited in the Royal Institute of Painters in Oil.



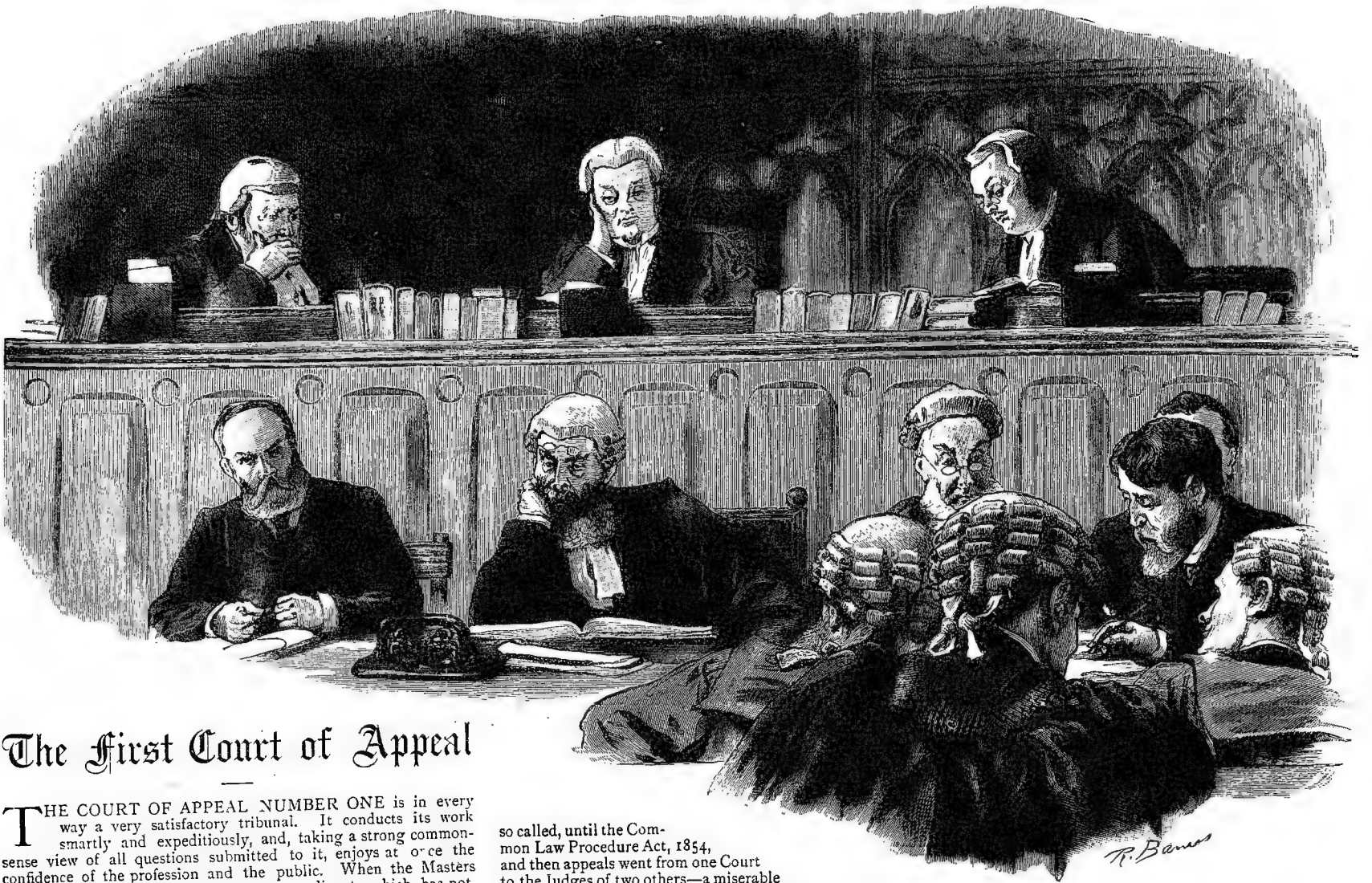
EMBARKING AT THE POINT TO VIEW THE HARBOUR WORKS

and Kafirs, lined the way; and all joined to give the visitors a hearty welcome.

On Tuesday morning the Delegates were first conducted to the Railway Workshops, which are well worth a visit. Here they had a chance of inspecting the machinery, which is very complete—these shops being fitted with every requisite for turning out complete railway rolling stock and locomotives. At 11 A.M. a special train left for the Point or Port of Durban, situated about two miles

I shall do so if occasion is offered me. I require that every official shall write his name so that it can not only be deciphered, but also read easily at the first glance."

THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE WILKIE COLLINS has just been sold for some 200l., the books being in rather dilapidated condition. There were several interesting editions of Dickens, notably a presentation set of the Library Edition, with an autograph letter of the novelist dated 1859. This set and the letter realised 14l.



The First Court of Appeal

THE COURT OF APPEAL NUMBER ONE is in every way a very satisfactory tribunal. It conducts its work smartly and expeditiously, and, taking a strong common-sense view of all questions submitted to it, enjoys at once the confidence of the profession and the public. When the Masters of the Rolls have pronounced upon any dispute which has not, perhaps, been disposed of very satisfactorily in the Courts below, everybody—except the unsuccessful party—is satisfied that substantial justice has been done, and there is no longer any considerable doubt as to the merits of the matter. The Court of Appeal No. 1 is, of course, the tribunal in which matters brought upon appeal from the Common Law side of the High Court are disposed of. When it was first constituted, it sat at Westminster in one of the Committee Rooms in the House of Lords, but now enjoys a Court to itself.

An appeal upon its merits is still a new principle both at Law and in Equity. There was, in deed, no appellate tribunal, properly

so called, until the Common Law Procedure Act, 1854, and then appeals went from one Court to the Judges of two others—a miserable expedient designed for the sake of economy. It is needless to go into those subtle technicalities upon which "error" might be brought in the old Exchequer Chamber.

The Court of Appeal is then still comparatively young. Nor is it, perhaps, strictly necessary to trace the exact changes which have taken place since it was first established. Lord Selbourne's Judicature Act of 1873 formed an appellate tribunal which consisted partly of ordinary and partly of permanent Judges. The Court was constituted of the Chancellor, the

chiefs of the Common Law Courts, the Master of the Rolls, together with the Lord Justices of Appeal in Chancery, the paid members of the Judicial Committee, and three other permanent Judges to be selected from the Common Law Judicature. Lord Cairns, in 1875, introduced a system of manning it with temporary Judges, selected for each sitting of the Court, an arrangement which worked very badly. The Judges attended in rotation, and it often happened that the youngest and least experienced sat in judgment on appeals from their older colleagues. This gave great dissatisfaction. It naturally caused the chiefs of the Divisions of the Exchequer, Common Pleas, and Queen's Bench considerable irritation, to be "yelped at by their own turnspits," to use Lord Kenyon's expressive words. And, as a matter of fact, too, a great deal of real inconvenience was caused by the occasional recall of Judges from their ordinary work. Accordingly, in 1876, the Court of Appeal, although reduced to the position of an intermediate Court (since the House of Lords was retained as the supreme appellate tribunal), was made permanent in character. Baron (now Lord) Bramwell, Baron Amplett, and Mr. Justice Brett, (now Lord Esher), Master of the Rolls, were the first three Judges transferred from the High Court.

The satisfactory character of the Court of Appeal, or rather that division of it in which Common Law matters are decided, is now largely due to the fact that it consists of selected Judges who have had considerable judicial experience in the Courts below, and understand the practical working of inquiries, both into matters of law and questions of fact. There is nothing *doctrinaire* about this tribunal. It is eminently business-like, and its decisions characterised by a strong common sense as well as great legal acumen. In fact, it must often seem, to people bewildered by the technicalities of procedure in the Courts below, positively refreshing to come into the calm atmosphere which is here the order of every day. It seems as if at last there were some chance of justice being done. There is an absence of haste and bustle and noise that contrasts very agreeably with the prevailing state of things in the Divisional Courts.

Appeals are, of course, to be regretted, since they add so enormously to the expense of legal proceedings. But notwithstanding this truism, there never has been any doubt as to the necessity of an appeal. "It is," as Lord Brougham said, we do not know how many years ago, "essential to the due and pure administration of justice that the Courts of Judicature which decide causes in the first instance should be subject to review by way of appeal." And it needs no great practical acquaintance with the Law Reports to be able to see that if it were not for the existence of the Court of Appeal substantial injustice would often be done. It is practically hopeless to attempt to give here any idea of the number of matters which come up in the ordinary way before this Court. There are, for instance, interlocutory matters, that is, chiefly, questions of practice, trials of preliminary points, interim applications, and the like little pleasantries of legal procedure, which come before it in considerable numbers. And so far as these are concerned, it really matters very little to the public whether they are interlocutory or final. There are, too, questions of fact in which the appellant's case must be very strong indeed for there to be any chance of success, and questions involving points of undoubted law, or their application to the particular case.

But, not to enter into details, it is enough to say that there are many who look with favour upon the pending proposal to make a Final Court of Appeal, and put a stop once and for all to the scandal of technical points, (which do not affect the merits at all), being taken from a Court below to a Divisional Court, and thence to the Court of Appeal, and the House of Lords. Rightly or wrongly, this system is believed to have been designed in favour of the longest purse.



CALLING THE JURY



THERE is much freshness of treatment as well as information in Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's "English Lands, Letters, and Kings, from Celt to Tudor" (Sampson Low). The author has sought to combine instruction and entertainment, and has succeeded very fairly well. What gives it marked charm to the book is this—that it is specially written for American young people. There is no doubt a great deal in his contention that these "young people" have an advantage over British-born students of our history and literature, in the fact that the localities consecrated by great names have more illuminating power for those who encounter them rarely, and after voyage over sea, than to the Englishman who grows up beside them. Londoners, he contends, pass Bolt Court, Fleet Street, and Dr. Johnson's tavern a hundred times a year with no thought but of the chops and the Barclay's ale to be had there. Cultivated Americans have, it would seem, a less gross imagination, and so the Cheshire Cheese, London Bridge, or Norham Castle, and so on, are less humdrum affairs to them than to us, their "cousins the Britishers." Then Mr. Mitchell is inspired in his bright essays on our history and literature by the hope, as he tells the small Transatlantic boys and girls, that through his efforts, "on some golden day to come (as golden days do come), the sight of a mere thread of spire over tree-tops, or a cliff on Yorkshire shores, or of a quaint gable that might have covered a 'Tabard Tavern,' shall set all your historic reading on the flow again—thus extending, and brightening, and giving charm to a hundred wayside experiences of travel." And so, in chatty, pleasant fashion, he takes us from Alfred to Elizabeth, from Cædmon to Ben Jonson.

A useful book for those who would formulate their knowledge as to current schools of thought in matters religious and philosophical is Mr. Joseph F. Charles's "Modern Thought and Modern Thinkers" (Relfe Brothers). The author has written it in the belief that some such introduction to the thought of leading thinkers, and to the terms most largely in use, is needed by a class of readers whose curiosity is at once excited and baffled by allusions in current literature to words and ideas which are assumed to be familiar to all the world, but which, in reality, are little understood except by professed students. Mr. Charles deals with the Church of England and its Relations with Nonconformity and Rome, with Biblical Criticism, the Evidence for Miracles, Phases of Faith, Spiritualism, the Society for Psychical Research, the Gift of India, Positivism, Evolution, and so on. His exegesis strikes us as lucid, correct, and impartial, and his book should be welcome to those desirous of a clear statement of the elementary thoughts involved in the various theories in vogue about man's past, present, and future.

Of the actualities of existence in a country in process of settlement, we may form a notion from Mr. John G. Donkin's "Trooper and Redskin in the Far North-West" (Sampson Low). It is made up of his recollections of life in the North-West Mounted Police, Canada, from 1884 to 1888, when he was a corporal in that fine band of horse. We are introduced once more to the "Great Lone Land" of Butler, though this time in the lively company of dashing troopers. Mr. Donkin says, somewhat deprecatingly, that his book consists but of the random recollections of a soldier, who had little or no opportunity of taking notes when in weary bivouac under the comfortless summer's heat or in icy winter camp. He can, however, be vigorous in his descriptions, as the following picture of the landscapes among which he lived when on outpost duty in the far Canadian North-West prove :—"The Indian *teepees*; the scattered tents of the mounted police; or, perhaps, the log-house or sod shanty of some adventurous pioneer, are the only vestiges of human life out in these mighty solitudes. There is the hush of an eternal silence hanging over the far-stretching plains. In early summer, for a brief space, the prairie is green with shooting threads of gold, and scarlet, and blue, while the odour of wolf-willow and wild rose floats through the clear air. But, by and by, the sun gains power, and scorches, and withers with a furnace heat; and through the shimmering haze the grass lies grey and dead. And, under the merciless glare, a great silence broods over all." "Trooper and Redskin in the Far North-West" brings home to the reader the actualities of a hard, vigorous existence under conditions remote from those to be found in England.

Dr. Kate Mitchell deals very capably from the point of view of the total abstainer with "The Drink Question: Its Social and Medical Aspects (Swan Sonnenschein)". Treating first of the State and Society in their Relation to the Drink Question, she proceeds to discuss the history and nature of alcohol and its disposal in the organism. Then she considers the mortality and diseases due to alcohol, and closes her work with remarks on its social and educational bearings. Dr. Mitchell, of course, argues for legislative interference with our drinking customs, and she gathers into compact compass every fact and reasoning on her side. Some statistics she gives show that at present we are very far from being the most hard-drinking nation in Europe. "The annual consumption in Belgium per capita," she observes, "is 9·20 litres of spirits, and 16·9 beer; in the British Isles it is 5·37 spirits, and 14·30 beer; Russia, about 16 litres spirits, and 4·5 beer; France, 7·29 spirits, 11·9 litres of wine, and 21·10 of beer; Germany, 8·60 spirits, and 6·5 beer; Holland, 9·87 spirits, and 27 beer." Denmark, it would appear, shows the highest rate of all as regards the strongest form of alcoholic liquors, and Norway the lowest; but in the latter country total abstinence societies are working with great activity and success. Even for those who may not accept all Dr. Mitchell's conclusions there will be found in her work plenty of interesting matter for reflection.

"Napier's History of the Peninsular War" and "Gurwood's Collection of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches" consists of twenty volumes, and, for obvious reasons, their "boiling down" suggested itself as a useful and expedient operation to Mr. Robert O'Byrne, F.R.G.S. He has, therefore, prepared a handy epitome of them under the title "The Victories of the British Army in the Peninsula and the South of France from 1808 to 1814" (Chapman and Hall). Mr. O'Byrne informs us, however, that his epitome is not entirely based on the two works mentioned. As the battles and sieges themselves are described without abbreviation in the forcible language of Napier, and the great Duke's official communications are only altered by curtailment, it was necessary to consult other works in order to link the whole into a continuous narrative. Altogether the compiler appears to have done his work in a satisfactory fashion, and his rendering of the Peninsular campaigns should prove an acceptable gift-book for a boy.

We have also received a copy of the new edition of Mr. George Hooper's "Waterloo: the Downfall of the First Napoleon" (George Bell and Sons). This volume supplies a detailed history of the campaign of 1815, and is accompanied by a map and plans. The work, originally published in 1862, was written mainly because the author was under the impression that there was no other on the subject in English at once full, well-arranged, accurate, and adapted for general reading. Since that date we have had valuable contributions to the warlike story of a memorable year by General

Sir J. S. Kennedy, Colonel Charles Chesney, and General Sir Edward Hamley. Before that, Captain Siborne was the great authority amongst home, and Colonel Charras among foreign writers. Mr. Hooper ought to have no difficulty with this new edition of a useful work, which would make, by the way, a capital companion volume to Mr. O'Byrne's epitome.

Mr. Walter B. Harris, F.R.G.S. ("Al Aissoui"), gives us an enjoyable book of *souvenirs de voyage* in "The Land of an African Sultan: Travels in Morocco, 1887, 1888, and 1889" (Sampson Low). He is full of high spirits, and throws himself with zest into the life of a civilisation different from our own. He looks at the objective side of Mauresque existence without any moral or religious self-questioning to disturb his serenity or delight in the fun and entertainment to be extracted from things as they are. Mr. Harris was the guest of the Sherref of Wazan, whose great friend he also is. Here is a description of a special treat provided for him by this Moorish personage: "His Highness gave me an opportunity of witnessing his splendid shooting with a small-bore rifle. As we were resting for lunch under the shade of the tent, he ordered a man to stand up at about thirty paces, and to hold up flat round Moorish loaves of bread, about six inches in diameter. This the man did, and his Highness, without a trace of nervousness at the risk of hitting the man's hand, put bullet after bullet through the bread. Nor did the man who held the bread appear nervous; probably he had often done it before, and knew the certainty of the Sherref's aim." The same evening the two friends parted. "For some minutes," says Mr. Harris, "I stood watching him with feelings of regret at parting from a Moor so different to the usual specimen one comes across, and who had been so kind to me, not only in his hospitality, but in the handsome rugs he had insisted on my accepting." There is a certain ingenuousness about "Al Aissoui's" narrative which makes of it a capital travel-volume.

At Absou's narrative which makes of it a capital travel-volume. A book of the same general type is "Cruisings in the Cascades" (Sampson Low), by Mr. G. O. Shields ("Coquina"). This is a narrative of Travel, Exploration, Amateur Photography, Hunting and Fishing, and in its special chapters are devoted to the Hunting of the Grizzly Bear, of the Buffalo, Elk, Antelope, Rocky Mountain Goat and Deer. There are also interesting accounts of troutling in the Rocky Mountains and on a Montana round-up. Mr. Shields informs the reader in a brief preface that "his former literary efforts, especially his 'Rustlings in the Rockies,' have brought him in sundry dollars in good and lawful money, which he has found very useful things to have about the house." We hope his new venture may be as successful. His style is plain and straightforward, and he describes strange wild scenes and queer wild people in a bright, frank way. Some of his remarks about photographing are interesting. "Snowy mountains," he writes, "are about the most difficult objects in all nature to photograph, especially if you attempt to include anything beside the snowy peaks in the picture, for they are so intensely white, and the sky, or even clouds, that form the background are so light, and afford so slight contrast, that it is next to impossible to get good sharp pictures of them. The landscape about the mountains is sure to offer some dark objects—perhaps deep shadows—and even the mountain nearly always has bare rocks and dark, gloomy *cañons*; and to get these and the dazzling whiteness of the snow and ice on the same plate is decidedly difficult." "Cruisings in the Cascades" is made more pleasant reading by the illustrations which accompany the letterpress.

We have received the fourth volume of that handy and useful work, "Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information." This number begins with an article on "Fire," and ends with the mention of "Ilorin," a town of the Western Soudan. Before us is also the second volume of that standard work, "Cassell's New Popular Educator," which is, as it professes to be, a complete cyclopædia of elementary and advanced education. The popular demand, which is the cause of its re-issue, is its most conclusive justification and testimonial.

Lovers of the natural foes of the dog will be grateful to Mr. Harrison Weir, F.R.H.S., President of "The National Cat Club," for giving them "Our Cats, and All about Them; Their Varieties, Habits, and Management, and for Show, the Standard of Excellence and Beauty, Described and Pictured" (R. Clement: Tunbridge Wells). As the work is the outcome of over fifty years' careful, thoughtful, heedful observation, much research, and not unprofitable attention to the facts and fancies of others, it should meet a want felt by many to whom cats are a delight. Mr. Weir adds to his praise of cats the utilitarian argument. "The small or large dog," he writes, "may be regarded and petted, but is generally *useless*; the cat, a pet or not, *is of service*. Were it not for our cats, rats and mice would overrun our houses, buildings, cultivated and other lands. If there were not *millions* of cats there would be *billions* of vermin."

Mr. Martin Lister has contributed a very valuable addition to contemporary literature in a little book on the "Mining Customs in the Malay Peninsula" (Singapore: Government Printing-Office). Mr. Lister warmly eulogises the methods employed by the Chinese in working the alluvial tin-mines, although they are of a somewhat antiquated description. He warns the public against lending too ready an acquiescence to the doctrine that new ideas are expedient in every case, or the establishment of new systems universally beneficial. What is really required in the Malay Settlements is capital directed towards the support of existing works through the medium of loans advanced to the miners. This will produce the best return for the money, and be the most efficacious means of developing the country. In assisting to make this fact generally known Mr. Lister's book is both useful and instructive.

We have also received a copy of the second edition of "The Kindergarten at Home: a Practical Handbook for Mothers" (Joseph Hughes), by Miss Emily A. E. Shirreff, President of the Froebel Society; "Life of H.R.H. the Prince Consort" (W. H. Allen), a very capable contribution to the "Statesmen Series," by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; a large and handsome volume by "Cavendish," author of "The Laws and Principles of Whist," entitled "Patience Games" (Thos. De la Rue), with examples played through, illustrated with numerous diagrams; and "Her First 'At Home,' a Duologue" (Dean and Son), by Mr. Campbell Rae-Brown.

SOME DRAMATIC WAIFS AND STRAYS

IT may not be generally known that the only verses ever written by Napoleon, long before he had emerged from his obscure position of lieutenant of artillery, were inspired by the great singer Madame St. Huberty, on the occasion of her magnificent performance of Didon in Piccini's opera of that name. Singularly enough, an equally powerful impression was produced by the same lady on Chateaubriand, who, on seeing her in the part of Armide, declared that he had beheld on that evening the complete realisation of his earliest poetical conception.

A few years ago M. Edmond de Goncourt, in a prettily-illustrated volume, printed by Quantin, published an interesting memoir of this celebrated artist, whose whims and caprices during her engagement at the Paris Opera, from 1777 to 1739, appear to have made the manager's life a burden to him. After a few preliminary essays in small parts she gradually rose to the top of the tree, supplanting both Mdlle. Laguerre and Mdlle. Levasseur in popular favour; and in 1783 surpassed all her previous efforts by her creation of Didon.

the joint production of Marmontel and Piccini. The immense success obtained by her in this "one-part" opera—the other characters being mere puppets—could in no wise be attributed to her personal attractions, for she was short in stature, squarely and inelegantly formed, and her features, when in repose, were of the ordinary "bourgeois" type; but was partly due to her admirable dramatic instinct, and partly to the charm of as exquisitely sympathetic a voice as had ever been heard on the operatic stage.

Unfortunately for the peace of mind of all concerned in the administration of the theatre, this signal triumph so impressed Madame St. Huberty with a sense of her own importance, that she not only became insatiable in her demands for an increased salary and extra "gratifications," but sang when and what she chose, and never scrupled to disappoint an audience when any pleasanter mode of passing the evening occurred to her. Moreover, she frequently absented herself for weeks together, accepting lucrative engagements at Marseilles and other provincial towns, without the slightest regard for the detriment these repeated escapades necessarily entailed on the management. This state of things lasted until 1789, when, her vocal powers having sensibly deteriorated, she solicited and obtained an unlimited *congé*, which virtually closed her professional career.

This talented but unmanageable lady was twice married—first, to a strolling actor, who had supplemented his real name of Croisilles with the more euphonious adjunct of St. Huberty; and, secondly, to Count d'Antraigues, a political refugee, who had for many years been employed by the Royalist party in fomenting intrigues against Napoleon, and whose mission, as the bearer of secret despatches from Vienna to Naples, and from Venice to Berlin, was by no means a sinecure. After his marriage he continued to act as confidential agent until 1806, when, finding the Continent too hot to hold him, he came to England, accompanied by his wife, and hired a pretty residence in Barnes Terrace, where, notwithstanding the caprices and ungovernable temper of the Countess, the couple lived for the next six years in tolerable harmony.

Early in the morning of July 23rd, 1812, great excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood of Barnes Terrace owing to a report that the Count and Countess had both been assassinated, when on the point of starting for London, by an Italian servant named Lorenzo, who had subsequently committed suicide. The rumour proved to be only too well founded, for on the arrival of the police they at once discovered the bodies of the two victims, each of whom had been stabbed to the heart with a dagger belonging to the Count; while the corpse of the assassin, who had shot himself through the head, was afterwards found in an upper room of the house. No positive clue to the motive of the crime was ever brought to light; but it was commonly supposed to be an act of private vengeance, Lorenzo having received notice of dismissal a few days before.

At the close of his volume M. de Goncourt gives the following extract from the St. Pancras register—the last record of the once famous Madame St. Huberty: "Anne Antoinette, Countess d'Antraigues, buried July 27th, 1812; aged fifty-two years."

While residing in Paris I became casually acquainted with a veteran actor of the Théâtre Français, who communicated to me some curious details concerning Napoleon and Talma, which I have never seen in print. Once at least in every week the tragedian was expected to put in an appearance at the Emperor's breakfast hour, when the recent performances at the Comédie Française and the comparative merits of the old French dramatists formed the usual topics of conversation.

In 1806 Talma, accompanied by his second wife, Caroline Vanhover, and a chosen detachment of his colleagues, followed his Imperial patron to Erfurt, where the Czar and a brilliant array of Kings and Princes were already assembled. Theatrical representations on a splendid scale were promptly organised, Napoleon himself selecting from the repertory the pieces to be rehearsed. Among these, to the stupefaction of the actors, was the tragedy *La Mort de César*, the subject of which could hardly fail to be a source of embarrassment to the majority of the audience, and Talma ventured to suggest the propriety of its withdrawal; but in vain. Napoleon, who imagined himself beyond the reach of any possible allusion, rather relished the idea of enjoying the confusion of his guests, and the piece was played.

"Never," said Talmi, "was witnessed a more extraordinary spectacle. The spectators scarcely dared to glance at each other for fear of being suspected of applying some particular passage to their neighbours; while we actors were so completely paralysed by the silence of the public that, when the ordeal at length was over, the fall of the curtain was hailed by every one present as an indescribable relief."

After signing his abdication at Fontainebleau, Napoleon received a letter from Talma, inspired by a feeling of gratitude for the many favours and distinctions which for a long series of years had been so liberally bestowed upon him. At a moment when all seemed to abandon him, this simple tribute of respectful devotion touched the Emperor deeply; and on his return from Elba, at a *levée* held at the Tuileries during the "Hundred Days," which the actor had been expressly summoned to attend, he took him aside, and conversed with him familiarly for some time. "I have not forgotten your letter," he said, "and answer it in person. I hear that in my absence you have gained fresh laurels, and am not surprised; Louis the Eighteenth ought to be able to appreciate good acting, for he has seen Lekain."

In private life, Talma was the most hospitable of men, and more than one impecunious author and actor would have fared badly if deprived of the resource of his amply spread table. Among his constant—and frequently self-invited—guests was a dramatist of no great repute named Capelle, whom I happened to meet many years later at the house of a mutual acquaintance. Being aware of his former intimacy with Talma, and desirous of gleanings some interesting details concerning the renowned tragedian, I endeavoured to draw the old gentleman out by expressing my regret that I had never had an opportunity of seeing an actor of whom I had heard so much.

"Ah," he replied, in a grudging tone, "on the stage he was well enough; but as a friend, the less said of him the better. They are an ungrateful set, these 'histrions!' Would you believe, Monsieur, that he never put me down for a *sou* in his will, although I had dined with him regularly twice a week for twenty years!"

In the latter days of Mdlle. Déjazet's career, she signed an engagement with Bouffé—commonly called "le gros Bouffé," to distinguish him from the actor of that name, who was as thin as a lath—then manager of the Vaudeville. Delighted with his acquisition, the latter hastened to communicate the news to Jules Janin, who at that period held a sort of court every evening in a cigar-shop on the Boulevard Montmartre.

"Ah, ça, Bouffé," quietly remarked the autocrat of the *Débat*, when the *impresario* had finished expatiating on the talent of the actress; "I have heard you say twenty times that Déjazet was a mere wreck, and not worth her salt."

"Very possibly, Monsieur Janin," coolly replied the manager, "but then she was at the Variétés. Now, I have engaged her, and that, you see, makes all the difference!"

C. H.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN RAILWAY is being constructed—a funicular line up Monte Generoso, on the Lake of Lugano. The peak is 5,560 feet high—a little lower than the Rigi.



A TAME START

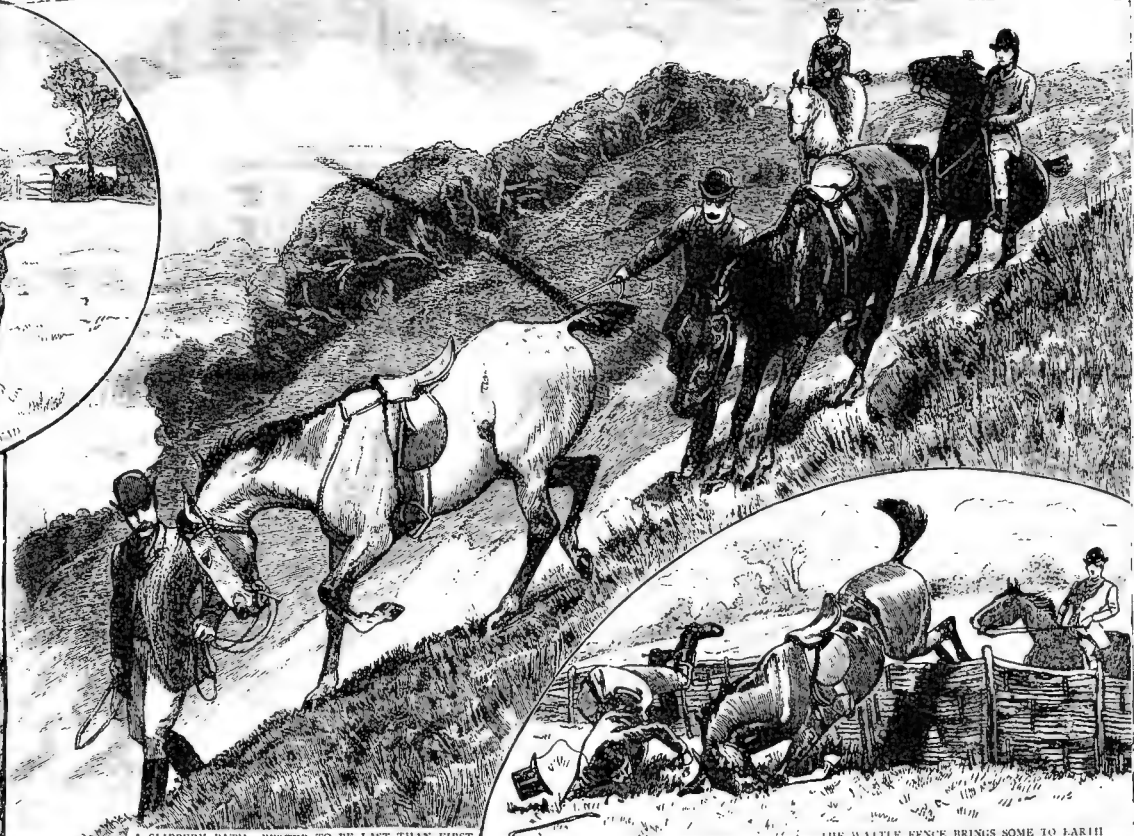


A CHECK BADLY NEEDED!

"LOOK ALIVE, SIR, YOU AREN'T HURT! I CAN'T HOLD YOUR HORSE ALL DAY"



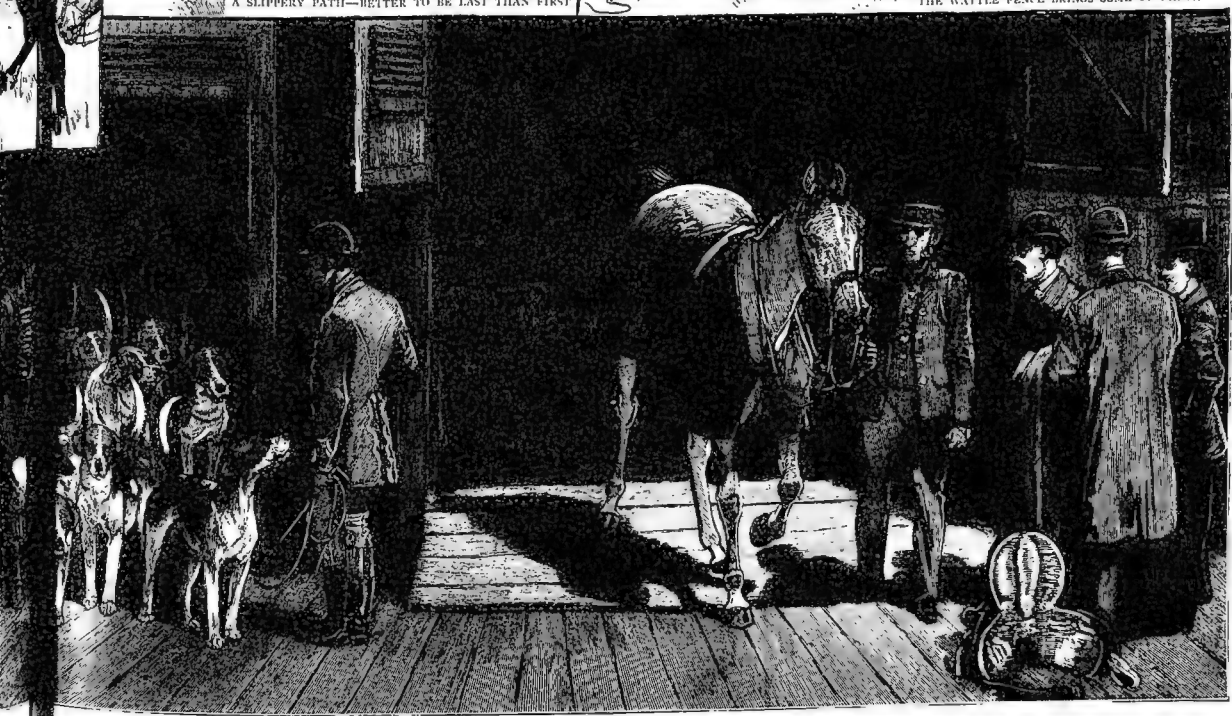
IN BORROWED WRAPS FOR HORSES AND RIDERS WE START FOR AYLESBURY STATION



A SLIPPERY PATH—BETTER TO BE LAST THAN FIRST



THE WATTLE FENCE BRINGS SOME TO EARTH



HOME BY TRAIN FROM AYLESBURY

A RUN WITH THE QUEEN'S STAGHOUNDS

A DAY WITH HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS

FROM CHALFONT ST. GILES TO MARSTON GATE STATION

A PERFECT hunting day with a bright frosty feeling in the air rejoiced every one's heart after a recent snowstorm as we wended our way to the meet of the staghounds one winter's morning when the fixture was at Chalfont St. Giles, a picturesque little village situated down in a hollow. A large number of horsemen were already at the meet, forming a charming picture on the village green, with the hounds and the hunt servants in their scarlet and gold liveries. Most of the field were looking as if they meant riding that day. Nothing like a bright sunny day to dispel the fears of the few nervous ones who form a part of every hunting-field. About 12.30 the deer-cart is drawn off to the "turn out," about half-a-mile away from the village, closely pursued by what looks like the whole population of a town. In a field on the hill over-looking the Amersham Valley (where we have had many a good run), the deer "Sellwood" was uncaptured, but, instead of bounding out as they usually do, he trots with stately and not-to-be-hurried steps amongst the foot-people, regardless of hats, &c., shied at him. In the adjoining field, being somewhat surprised at a donkey, he doubles back, and, hardening his heart, plunges into the brook, and thus frees himself from the mob, and goes off in grand style up the opposite hill. After about twenty minutes' law has been given, the hounds are laid on, and we are fairly away with a splendid scent and racing pace for those who can manage it, but the heavy ground quickly tells on some horses, and the wattle fences, not having much "give" in them, soon bring some to earth, who are conspicuous during the day by being literally caked in mud. Then crossing the Amersham Road we struggle up some heavy ploughs which take it out of the horses. They, at least, are not sorry when a check comes at length at Hyde Heath. But we are soon on again, over a pretty wattle fencing. Smash goes one, and horse and rider fall, the latter being somewhat dazed; but he is suddenly reminded that his horse is being held for him, by hearing, "Look alive, sir, you aren't hurt. I can't hold your horse all day."

At the next check the field has considerably diminished, and we learn we are on the Wendover Road. But off again, we now get into the Vale of Aylesbury, where a small fence, with formidable stakes, brings two to grief. We then traverse a wood. At length we come to a very slippery snowy descent down a steep path with a magnificent view of the vale below, and we are right glad to be down the hill, for the horses are sliding about, and it is decidedly better to be last than first in this sort of thing. Once down we have to make the best of our way over the fences with tired horses, so when a boggy ditch comes into view some think it wiser to negotiate it on their own legs, letting the horse follow as best he can; while others extra-tired almost funk it, and are heard inquiring of a labourer if there is a gate.

"Why, yes, sir, but it's locked."
 "Then where's the way out?" is the despairing question.
 "Why, over that there fence" (pointing to the bog), is the heartless answer.

This has the effect of restoring failing energy, and we land safely over, though the horses go in over their hocks in mud. Onward again, we cross the Canal, and take the deer after a splendid run of three hours at Marston Gate Station, L. and N.W. Railway. A six-mile ride to Aylesbury, where we quit the horses, borrow clothing and coats for them and ourselves, and come home by train to Slough Station, with hounds and horses, arriving at 8.30 P.M.

F. A. H.



MESSRS. PITT AND HATZFELD.—A goodly budget of music by one of the most famous composers of the nineteenth century, Edvard Grieg, comes from this firm, and will prove a boon to all cultivated musicians, vocal and instrumental. "Spring Song" is a charming idyll. The poetical words are anonymous; it is published in F sharp, and in F.—Very interesting are the contents of "Grieg's Albums of Songs," with English and Scandinavian words, translations by Theo Marzials and Mrs. T. P. Morgan. Hard must the taste be to please which does not find something to suit and charm in these two volumes, which each contain twenty songs.—"Edvard Grieg's Pianoforte Compositions" are of more than ordinary merit. No. 7, "Peer Gynt" (Op. 23), contains five little gems arranged as solos.—Nos. 8 and 9 are arranged as duets, "Two Symphonic Pieces" (Op. 14), and "Peer Gynt" (Suite, Op. 23).—"Six Songs," composed by Benno Schönberger, words by Uhland, Heine, and Dr. Th. Zolling, with German and English words, are refined, and out of the common groove.—Precisely the same may be said of "Two New Albums of Songs," with German and English words; music by Maude V. White. Here again the most gifted German poets have been requisitioned, and skilfully translated into English.—There is quite a rage for the Album form of publication. It has its advantages, but when the music is all by one composer, it is apt to be very monotonous. "Album of Ten Songs," by C. A. Lidgely, is a case in point; some of the music is bright and clever, the other portion is dull and uninteresting; prettiest of the set are "The Starlings," by Charles Kingsley; "A Widow Bird Sate Mourning," words by Shelley; and "To Constance," words by Richard Garnett, LL.D.—By the above-named composer is a "Ballade" for two pianofortes (founded on the Tonus Peregrinus); a clever work, well calculated for a holiday performance at a school or college breaking-up.—Four Albums, which will be received with thanks by amateur pianists in search of the tuneful rather than the advanced classical, are, "Dances Anglaises," "Dances Espagnoles," "Dances Allemandes," and "Dances Françaises," the entire group composed by Fritz Kirchner, who has arranged them as duets for the pianoforte. He has also composed a bright and taking "Tarantella," a piano solo (Op. 264).—Three clever and effective pieces for the pianoforte, by Benno Schönberger, are, "Gavotte" (Op. 9), "Première Valse," and "Souvenir de Valencia," a bolero.—"Solveig's Song" (from Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"), music by Edvard Grieg, is a charming composition, which, once heard, will not soon be forgotten. It is published in A and in F.—Two remarkably pleasing songs, music by Maude V. White, are, "Addio Lucia," a Capriote coral-fisherman's song, for a tenor voice of medium compass; and "Au Bord de l'Eau," words by Sully Prudhomme. The second is the more original of the two.—Théophile Gautier's tender poem, redolent of spring and her flowers, "Au Mois d'Avril," has been charmingly set to music by Arthur Hervey, who has not been so successful in his musical treatment of Charles Kingsley's "When all the World is Young."—Two simple and melodious vocal duets, music by C. A. Lidgely, are, "Weep No More, Sad Fountains," sixteenth-century words, a quaint duet in canon; and, "It was a Lover and His Lass," words by Shakespeare.—"Sonatina in A minor," by J. H. Bonawitz, for the pianoforte, is a meritorious composition, which may well be committed to memory.—"Drei Wanderlieder," for the pianoforte, by Fritz Kirchner, are dainty *morceaux*, void of difficulties.

STRATEGY IN WAR

THE length to which deception may with honour be carried in warfare is a question very difficult to decide. History tells us of many artifices which have been successfully practised, but which can be dignified with no better name than that of perfidy. Different can be dignified with no better name than that of perfidy. Different exponents of international law have placed very different constructions upon acts which have been always regarded as questionable. Grotius, for instance, who may be looked upon as the father of the present system of international law, lays down the definite rule that there is no wrong in deceiving an enemy by the use of words or signs which have a meaning confined to particular peoples or individuals, while it is dishonourable to use symbols of universal significance for the same purpose.

According to this authority there is nothing reprehensible in the employment of an enemy's uniform or signals against him, for these have no generally established meaning, but merely one attributed to them by a particular body. This theory teaches that the *franc tireurs* who, in the Franco-Prussian War, disguised themselves in the uniforms of Prussians, and thus succeeded in approaching the uniforms of the enemy, acted in a perfectly defensible and killing some of the enemy, and so with the many similar instances that could be manner; and so with the many similar instances that could be adduced in which such forms of strategy have been successfully employed. Cimon, the Athenian, for instance, once captured some ships belonging to the Persians; he caused a number of his own men to go on board them, and to array themselves in the garments of the Persians whom he had slain. The vessels then were directed to Cyprus, with the result that the inhabitants of the island came out unarmed, as they thought, to welcome their friends, but only to find themselves confronted by their enemies, who were, of course, easily able to defeat them.

Take another more modern instance: at the close of the last century the *Sybilie*, a vessel which Rodney had captured from the French, made captive a French ship that was lying at anchor by approaching her under cover of the French flag, and only showing the British colours just before pouring the first broadside into the foe. It seems to have been pretty generally recognised in days gone by that it was perfectly fair to use an enemy's colours provided that those under which the ship really sailed were displayed before the actual commencement of hostilities. In the fourteenth century, for example, the French plundered and set fire to Portsmouth, having been allowed to enter the town under the supposition that they were English, an idea to which their display of English flags gave rise.

Modern notions of right and wrong in warfare do not, however, favour the ideas which Grotius held on this question. In 1874, a Conference met at Brussels with a view to deciding such points, and it was then settled that the use of an enemy's uniform or flag could not be regarded as a fair act of strategy. Presumably, no one will be found to dispute this decision. It is, of course, absurd to think of returning to the old ideas which precluded the exercise of any guile whatever in war, but at the same time we do not imagine that anybody will advocate the use of such lying stratagems as that by which the *Sybilie* took her prize.

It is pretty evident that our highest military authorities are of opinion that it is impossible to succeed in war unless deception is practised to a far greater extent than the generally accepted code of morality would allow. Lord Wolseley has expressed himself on the matter in the following unmistakable terms: "As a nation we are bred up to feel it a disgrace even to succeed by falsehood; the word 'spy' conveys something as repulsive as 'slave'; we keep hammering along with the conviction that honesty is the best policy, and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentiments do well for a child's copy-book, but a man who acts upon them had better sheathe his sword for ever." "Our only General" would never have found himself at the head of a Roman army in the days when Rome was mistress of the world. Polybius, Livy, and Aelian all agree in stating that the Romans shrank from and despised all forms of strategy. They always made solemn declarations of war, and endeavoured so to arrange matters that they encountered their foes in a hand-to-hand conflict, in which sheer bravery, perseverance, and prowess were the only roads to victory. They went so far as to appoint a definite date for an engagement, and to arrange the scene of the conflict beforehand. It was not until the close of the Second Punic War that the Romans adopted strategy in their military affairs.

In the ancient world the descendants of Romulus were by no means alone in their aversion to all forms of trickery in war. The Achæans disdained to take advantage of an enemy in any way. They never threw darts nor made use of concealed weapons. Their only mode of fighting was to meet one another in open conflict at a spot which had been previously agreed upon between the combatants. The Macedonians, too, seem to have been imbued with the same spirit, for we read that Alexander refused to make a night attack upon Darius, on the ground that he had no desire to win a victory by the adoption of underhand measures.

But when once the Romans came to look upon devices for deceiving the enemy with favour, they showed themselves to be apt pupils in the art of strategy. Polyænus wrote a book on the subject for the use of the Emperors Verus and Antoninus, and embodied in it a number of instances which seemed to him worthy of imitation. The nature of these may be gathered from the three following samples.

At Notium, Paches, the Athenian general, persuaded the governor to come out and parley with him, under promise of a safe escort back if they failed to come to any agreement. When he had the governor in his power and the vigilance of the defenders was relaxed on account of the parley, he made an assault, obtained possession of the town, murdered all its inmates, and after leading back the governor with a great display of escort, killed him on the walls of the city he had gained by this act of treachery.

The Thracians were worsted in a conflict of some duration with the Boeotians. They made a treaty for a definite number of days, and, having thus put their opponents off their guard, attacked them one night while they were engaged in religious observances, and succeeded in inflicting a severe defeat upon them.

The Locrians entered into a solemn compact with the Sicilians to the effect that they would keep peace with them so long as they walked upon the earth on which they stood, and had their heads on their shoulders. Having disarmed suspicion by this agreement, they threw away the heads of garlic which they had tied on to their shoulders, emptied away the earth that they had strewed in their shoes, and falling upon the unsuspecting foe, slaughtered a great number of them.

Many examples could be given of conduct almost as unprincipled on the part of well-known military men of the last few centuries. The warfare of the early middle ages seems to have been in some respects marked by an abstention from strategy almost as noticeable as that observed by the early Romans. It was then, for instance, looked upon as the height of perfidy to make any sort of attempt to of the kind were always put to death with as little compunction as though they had been spies. It was not until the very end of the sixteenth century that this rule was relaxed.

Some writers, among whom is the well-known Vattel, have advanced elaborate arguments to prove that it is far better in the interests of humanity to obtain a certain object by gentle means than by the exercise of violence, and that, therefore, all acts of strategy which gain wished-for points without bloodshed are pre-

ferable to conflicts with the same object in view, but which can only prove successful at a great sacrifice of human life. There is no doubt a great deal to be said in favour of this line of argument.

The question which arises in connection with it is, Where does strategy end and perfidy begin? It is almost impossible to give any general answer to this query. An act that is condemned by the biographer of one commander is praised as exhibiting great acuteness by the chronicler of another. The real truth of the matter seems to be that the military code of honour must be held to be totally distinct from that which is recognised in civil life. Acts which would be regarded with the greatest detestation if performed by a civilian, become glorified into positively virtuous deeds when a general is responsible for them, and in this somewhat unsatisfactory state the matter must be allowed to rest.

A. S.

IN THE GULF OF CORINTH

THE traveller bound east for the capital of Greece begins his Oriental experiences agreeably enough in the bright city of Corfu. The Lloyds' steamer from Brindisi to Corinth carries here on its way just long enough to enable him to set foot on the shores followed by Ulysses, to eat a dinner of Greek *cuisine*, drive to the "One Gun" fort, return to the city and see the famous mummy of S. Spiridion, strung with jewels, and then take boat back to his bed on board, and surrender himself to the moods of fantasy which are sure to possess him during the passage out of the harbour, by the shores of Albania, and between the straits of the other Ionian Islands under the transfiguring light of the sunset. A sunset in Greek waters is something not easy to forget, and especially when, as here, there are snow mountains on the mainland sufficiently high to hold the evening glow when all the lower world has, minutes ago, put on the leaden hues of night.

The next morning one wakes betimes to find the boat at a standstill. We are in the harbour of Patras, and the great island to the west, which bars the Gulf from the sea, is Cephalonia. It is detectably early according to English standards—but none the less a man must be much hardened by worldly friction to determine therefore to stay in his bunk rather than get up and see at closer quarters the first spot of the mainland of Greece which his fate has brought within viewing distance of him.

To tell the truth, Patras is not stupefyingly beautiful. It is built on an expanse of ground so flat as to be suggestive of marsh. Behind it are the mountains one over another, the highest capped with the snows of winter. No doubt it is a most convenient resort for the currant merchants, and for sportsmen in quest of black-cock and bigger game, and unwilling to resign themselves to the fleas of the Greek peasants, which would otherwise be their doom. Opposite, on the other side of the strait, is Missolonghi, in the midst of its malaria; and by crossing thither one may see the testimony to Lord Byron's fame which modern Greece has recorded on marble. Here also, as with Patras, the mountains beyond are its chief redeeming features.

The ship's bells sound six o'clock, and the signal is given to proceed eastwards. The strait is passed; it is so narrow that were it in British lands it would be spanned with a bridge; and we are in the Gulf of Lepanto, the Gulf or inland sea of Corinth, a sheet of water singularly like the Mediterranean in miniature. The journey from east to west of it demands some eight hours of time, and every minute adds some fresh element of beauty to the changing scenes north and south.

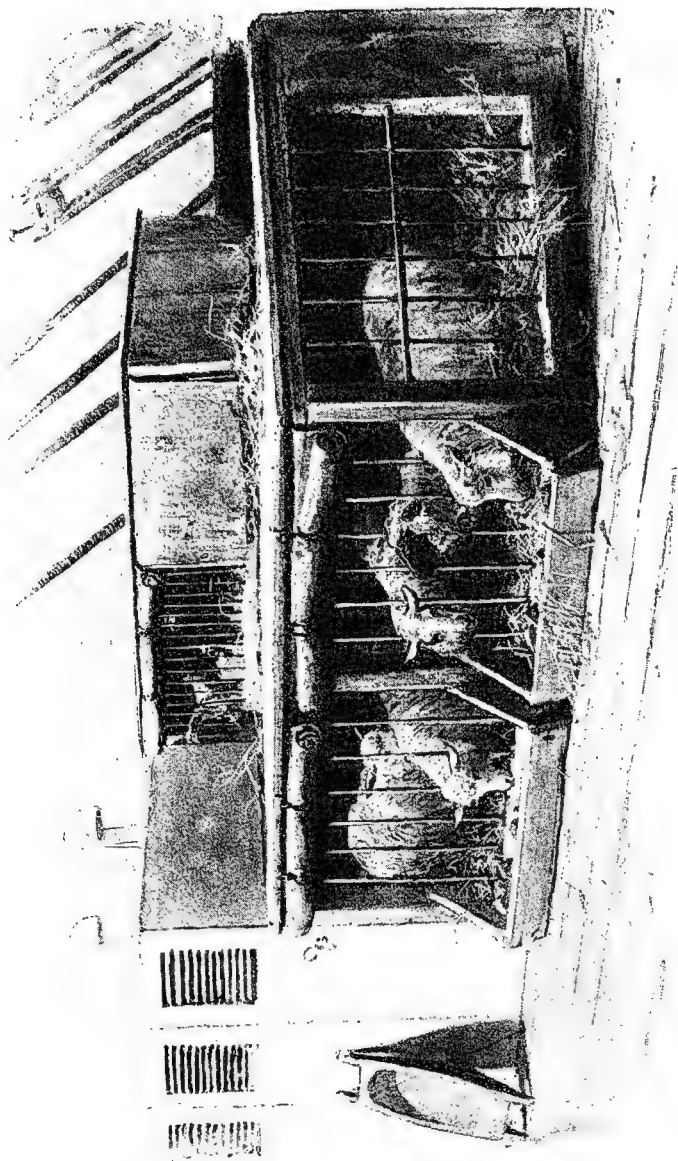
First, there is Lepanto itself, or Naupactus, as the modern townlet is called. It is in the farthest north-west corner of the Gulf, and therefore visible as soon as the sea is entered. Why do not some of the moderns, to whom the search for buried millions is so entertaining a pastime, think of dredging among the remains of the Turkish fleet which here, in 1571, came to such tremendous ruin? The Crescent began the battle with two hundred and fifty galleys, and of these about two hundred went to the bottom. There ought to be good store of piastres amid the sands and shingles some fathoms down, near the shore of Naupactus. But it is also probable that the detritus from the broad river bed of the old Hylaetus, which here falls into the Gulf, has, in the course of three centuries, helped to bury galleys and bones and piastres beneath a mountain of earth which it were impossible to remove.

On a calm day this is a summer sea. There can be nothing more lazily enjoyable than a lounge on deck with a cigar, and such a panorama as both coasts offer to the eyes. One need not talk: the landscapes and seascapes are busy filling the memory with their own inaudible prattle. The ship goes without an effort, for there are no waves. We seem to move in a solution of the heavens, for there is no difference between the colour of the skies and that of the water. And yet we suffer none of the torments of heat; nor is our lassitude due to physical torpor. Every new ravine in the grey mountains which we sight, skirt, and leave behind, breathes upon us as if for our convenience, and stirs the air enough to enliven, but hardly enough to cool us. One white village after another, set in the green slopes which fall abruptly to the water's edge, or at the base of this or that crimson scar of mountain,—the northern shores parting here and there to form one of those safe little havens so loved of the old Greeks, with the inland peaks towering high over them like sentinels: ever the blue water, and the blue heavens, and a soul-satisfying sense of peace!

But this is a gulf of moods and fancies, as well as a paradise for lotus-eaters. Though we started fair, we were not predestined to touch the sandy shores of modern Corinth without diversity of sensation. We had warning. The second officer of the ship saw the portent in a single fleece of cloud which seemed all of a sudden to fall upon a high peak in the direction of Olympus. Soon afterwards, as we passed a river mouth to the north, with a white led of uncommon breadth, a puff of wind struck us somewhat hardly on the quarter. This was the beginning. In less than an hour, the blue sky had gone from us; the mountains beyond had attired themselves in sad-coloured vapours, and the waters of the gulf, which we had thought of unrivalled hue and tranquillity, were all agog with motion and of a sickly greyish tint. The gust then bit us cruelly, buffeted us as if it had been bred on the Atlantic, and never ceased to assail us until we had anchored (not without difficulty) about half a mile from Corinth's little wooden pier.

Under these circumstances, no place could have looked more dead and dismal than this once-proud mistress of this troubled little sea. To be sure the Corinth of our century cannot profess to be a brilliant city under any conditions of weather. Its low wooden houses are in the most absolute contrast with the temple called Corinthian. And Corinth the modern has no temple that could dare to play the part even of shadow to Corinth the old. But, after all, this does not matter very much, except to the sentimental tourist. There is still abundance of the pictures in the Corinthian streets ("side walks" one is disposed to call them, that the illusion of an American city may be preserved intact). It is worth the while of an artist to travel hither to see the shepherds of Greece; and with them are many other types of other nationalities: Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics, as well as Christians, from various quarters of the Levant. And as the majority of the passengers by the Lloyds' steamer are gentlemen interested in currants rather than in blue skies and landscapes, it is of much more importance that the unassuming restaurants of Corinth should be able to give us a good dinner than that the heavens should be unobscured by cloud.

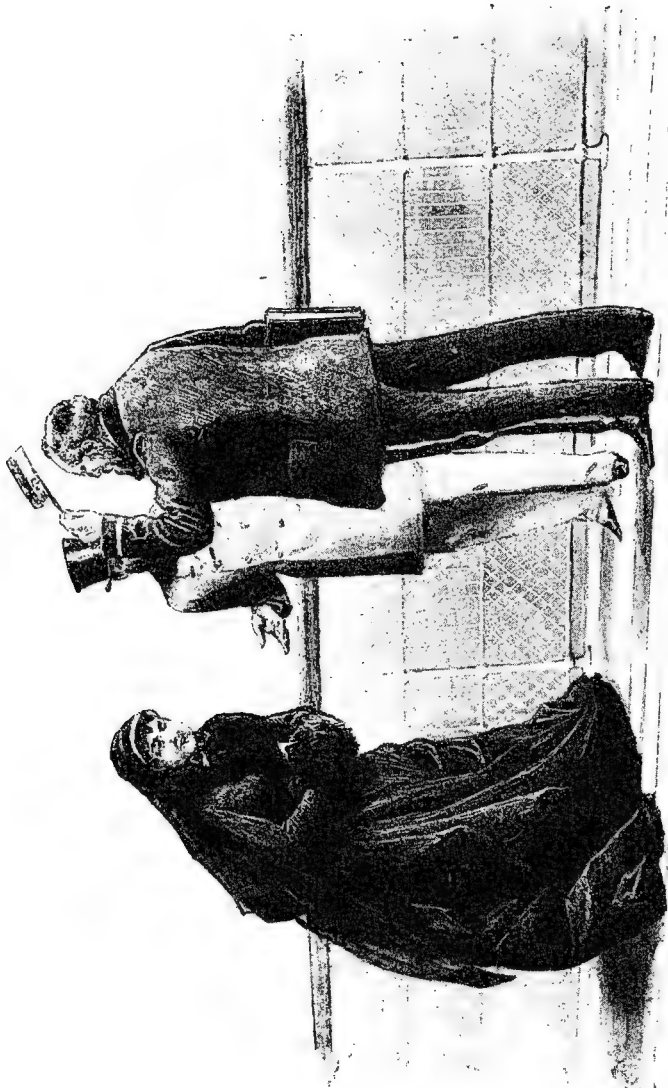
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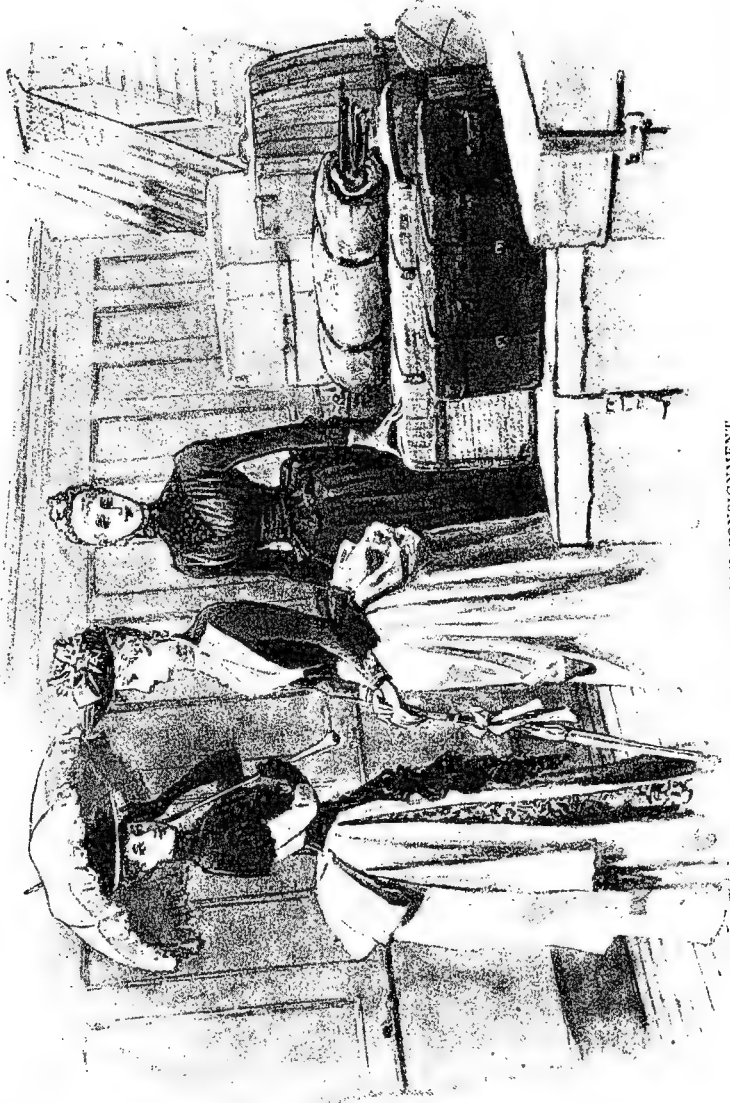
ONLY GOING PART OF THE WAY



TO BE LEFT WITH GRANDMAMA
COMPANY'S STEAMER
ORIENTAL AND PENINSULAR
STUDIES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER AT THE DOCKS



ENTRUSTED TO THE CAPTAIN



AN INDIAN CONSUMENT
LEAVING HOME BY A



PORTUGAL continues in a ferment of patriotic excitement against England and the English, although signs are not wanting that a more reasonable spirit will prevail before long. At first the Portuguese spent their wrath merely on riotous street-demonstrations; now they revenge themselves by boycotting English people and English goods. Merchants repudiate their contracts with England, tradesmen in Lisbon and Oporto make bonfires of their British wares, ships refuse English coal, and one self-sacrificing traveller forfeits his passage-money rather than set foot on a British steamer; while the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce issue a resolution promising to restrict trade with Great Britain. Nor are these sentiments confined to commercial affairs. Thus the Duke of Palmella, who received a Crimean medal when serving in the English Navy, has returned the decoration to the British Minister, his example being followed by other recipients of British honours. A committee of aristocratic ladies propose to exclude the British Legation from all social intercourse, and many Portuguese deliberately cut their former English friends in the streets. Protests against England's "brutal coercion" are issued on all sides; the Lisbon Geographical Society complaining that a great European nation in the nineteenth century should revive Algerian piracy and Cuban buccaneering. All such complaints are echoed by the Press in most violent language, and by the crowds of students and working men who parade the Lisbon streets, and clamour for the organisation of national defence. However, though subscriptions have been opened for new ironclads, &c., the Portuguese have little money to spare, for great distress exists in Lisbon, and only 8% have been scraped together from the public for a sword of honour to the hero of the day, Major Serpa Pinto. So united is the national feeling that little attention is paid to an elaborate manifesto from the Republican party, suggesting that a Republic should replace the Monarchy and should form a Federation of Latin races. The Portuguese in general are far more ready to support the present Conservative Cabinet, which, having no safe majority in the Cortes, has dissolved Parliament, and hopes to be triumphant in the coming elections. Since the present Cabinet came into office the Governor of Mozambique has resigned, and his departure is expected to accelerate the compliance in Africa with British demands. It was this Governor who published an official note vindicating the Portuguese rights in the Shiré region after he had received direct Government orders to the contrary. Fresh news from the Blantyre Mission Station and Bishop Smythies fully confirms the accounts of Portuguese harshness on the Shiré, and the fears lest the Portuguese Colonial authorities should disregard the pacific orders from home. Rumours have been circulated that Portugal will ask the Powers to intervene on her behalf by virtue of the Treaty of Berlin. But though FRANCE and SPAIN continue to support her by encouraging journalistic comments and sympathetic public meetings, official GERMANY is very cool, finding England a more desirable neighbour in Africa.

Another Royal life has been sacrificed to the influenza epidemic—that of the Duke of Aosta, only brother to King Humbert of ITALY. A fine, apparently robust, man of forty-four, the Duke had undergone sufficient anxiety and trouble to weaken his constitution. When a mere boy of fifteen he served against the Austrians, and again a few years later was wounded by the same foe at the Battle of Custoza. He then exchanged the Army for the Navy, where he



PRINCE AMEDEO, DUKE OF AOSTA
Brother of the King of Italy and Ex-King of Spain
Born May 30, 1845. Died January 18, 1890.

remained till called to the Spanish Throne in 1870 for over two years' struggle against perpetual coldness and unpopularity. The haughty Spanish nobility kept strictly aloof from the foreign interloper and his wife, Princess Maria della Cisterna; and Prince Amedeo's high character and efforts to maintain the Constitution could not win the favour of either aristocracy or people. Weary with ill-success, he abdicated in 1873, and left Spain with his young wife, who had scarcely recovered from her confinement, and died ultimately from the effects of the journey. Her death so affected Prince Amedeo that he became a perfect recluse, till consoled by his niece, Princess Letitia, whom he married in September, 1888, and by whom he leaves a son, in addition to the three boys of his first marriage. The Duke's health had been failing for some time, and on being attacked by influenza he developed inflammation of the lungs, and expired on Saturday. King Humbert, who was devotedly attached to his brother, was with the Duke to the last, and himself placed him in his coffin, while the Pope, waiving his differences with the reigning House, sent his benediction to the dying man, by Cardinal Alimonda. Queen Margaret and the Prince of Naples—who had just started for his Eastern tour—hurried to Turin for the funeral which, at the late Duke's request, was not a full State function. Numerous foreign representatives and all the Ministry were present, however, when the Duke was laid in the Royal Mausoleum of La Superga on Wednesday. ITALY genuinely mourns the Duke, who was most

popular, and every mark of sympathy and respect has been paid throughout the country. Mourning will be worn for three months, and all public entertainments are stopped. Similar regret has been shown in SPAIN, which, somewhat late in the day, recognises the qualities and virtues of her ex-Monarch. Perhaps Spanish sympathies have been quickened by the anxiety for the little King, who is now happily convalescent. Accordingly, Queen Christina has had to turn her attention from nursing to the Ministerial crisis, and applied to the President of the Cortes, Señor Alonzo Martinez, whose efforts to organise a Coalition Cabinet were no more successful than those of the ex-Premier. Finally, Señor Sagasta was obliged to resume his task, and formed a fresh Liberal Cabinet.

To return to the influenza epidemic, another important victim in Italy has been the French Ambassador to Berne, M. Mariani, an able and popular diplomatist. In GERMANY the reigning Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt has succumbed, and the Queen of Saxony and the Duchess of Anhalt are in a precarious condition, like the eminent doctor Professor Nussbaum and the Catholic leader, Baron zu Franckenstein. Indeed the epidemic has been specially fatal throughout Germany, leading to fatal diseases, and to pneumonia in particular, and though Berlin is fast improving, the provinces are still greatly distressed and inconvenienced. In AUSTRIA-HUNGARY half the population of Pesth have been attacked, but the outbreak is diminishing throughout the Empire. In GREECE scarcely a household in Athens has escaped, from the Palace downwards. TURKEY, BELGIUM, and HOLLAND are still in the full force of the attack, like the northern provinces of FRANCE, while Paris improves rapidly, and the deaths have fallen to an average return.

Her public health being thus better, FRANCE finds her Deputies return to Parliamentary duties with much energy. Accordingly the long-promised debate on the Newfoundland Fisheries came off on Monday, though M. Flourens, not to embarrass the Cabinet, put a simple question instead of an interpellation. He gave a lengthy description of how French fishermen acquired their rights on the coast, and asked for Government protection of the fisheries. M. Spuller pointed out that the chief trouble arose from the objections of the Newfoundlanders, who naturally maintained their rights in their own country, and would not accept the Anglo-French arrangements. Further difficulties were caused by the establishment of the lobster fisheries, whereas the Utrecht Treaty only mentioned the cod fishery. He promised, however, that the French should continue their fishery under protection, and the matter dropped, to be succeeded by a riotous Boulangist scene. As M. Joffrin, who takes General Boulanger's seat, endeavoured to speak, M. Paul Déroulède roused a great disturbance, and was only expelled by military force. Similar tactics were repeated by two more Boulangist champions—also expelled—before M. Joffrin gained a hearing. This disturbance led to a proposal being laid before the Chamber on Tuesday that Deputies who refused to leave the House when summoned by the President should be excluded for the rest of the Session. The Chamber has already shown its Protectionist tendencies by deciding to appoint a Grand Committee to examine commercial questions. Nine further bye-elections take place on February 16th—two owing to deaths, and the others caused by the unseating of Deputies.—PARIS is delighted with a new play, *Margot*, by M. Meilhac, splendidly mounted and acted at the Français. The dialogue is charming.

GERMANY is threatened with a renewal of the great mining strike. Encouraged by previous success, the miners in the Rhenish and Westphalian districts demand an increase of fifty per cent. on their wages, which are to be paid twice a month, and a working day of eight hours, including the ascent and descent into the mines. These exorbitant demands caused quite a panic on the Berlin Bourse, and meet with general blame even from the Government, which before so warmly espoused the men's cause. It is suspected that political manoeuvres lie at the root of this revival of labour troubles, in view of the coming elections. Meanwhile, the expiring Reichstag has, after all, attacked the two important measures of the Socialist Bill and the East African steamer subsidy. The latter was finally granted on condition that the steamers shall call at either a Dutch or Belgian port, both coming and going, while the discussion on the former measure began on Wednesday at Prince Bismarck's express desire, the Chancellor coming to Berlin on purpose.

In INDIA the Chin-Lushai Expedition continues much hampered by illness and transport difficulties, which prevent tents being carried, so that the troops have to sleep out in the open. The Yokwa Chins have submitted to General Symons, and Lalthuma, one of the Chiefs concerned in Lieutenant Stewart's murder, has been caught and fined; but, on the other hand, a Chin ambush has shot Lieutenant Foster, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The nearest village was destroyed accordingly as punishment. Of other frontier questions the Sikkim negotiations proceed so favourably now that the Chinese Amban is at Darjeeling, and will probably go on to Calcutta. Prince Albert Victor has been at Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Agra this week.

In the UNITED STATES the Senate is considering the ratification of the Samoan Treaty, drawn up at Berlin in the summer. The Treaty declares the Islands neutral territory under King Malietoa, protected by Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, no Power to exercise any separate control. The interest in the Cronin trial has been revived through Kunze, who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for complicity, being released on bail, while promised a new trial. However, he will probably not be required to appear again. Bitterly cold weather continues throughout the Central States, checking the railway traffic. CANADA, on the other hand, has escaped all such disaster on the Canadian Pacific Railway, where the mail-traffic increases rapidly.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In AUSTRIA much satisfaction is felt that the Bohemian-Germans and Czechs have come to a good understanding at the Conciliation Conference just closed, thanks to mutual concessions. Both nationalities will henceforward have their own schools, and the right of pleading in their respective languages, while in the Diet they will sit together as United Moderates, not as opposed races—the first step towards the desired Conservative coalition. The agreement will not be ratified before the autumn, to allow party feeling to cool. This success has greatly strengthened Count Taaffe, but nevertheless he will modify his Cabinet later on.—The mining strike in BELGIUM has broken out afresh at Charleroi, the men alleging that the masters do not fulfil their promises.—CRETE is in a most deplorable condition, owing to the excesses of both Turks and Christians. A fresh serious rising is expected as soon as weather permits.—EGYPT again hopes that France will agree to the Conversion Scheme, as she shows a more conciliatory spirit.—A small British punitive Expedition has gone to SOMALILAND from Aden to check the raids of the Eesa tribe on Bulhar and other coast-towns under British protection. This Expedition led to exaggerated reports in France that the British were instigating the natives to injure French commerce round Harrar; but, as the Colonial Under-Secretary pointed out, the antagonism in this district comes from Italy, not England.—In TURKEY cholera is said to be raging round Bussorah, where 3,000 persons have succumbed, including the British Consul and his two children.

THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA has bequeathed to Queen Victoria a beautiful gold bracelet, bearing in jewels the words "For Ever."



THE QUEEN will remain in the Isle of Wight for three weeks longer. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne rejoin Her Majesty at Osborne at the end of last week, and on Saturday the Bishop of Ripon arrived, and dined with the Royal party. On Sunday morning the Queen, with Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, and Lord Lorne attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Bishop of Ripon officiated, and in the evening the Bishop again joined the Royal circle at dinner. Prince Ernest of Hohenzollern-Langenberg arrived on Monday, and in the evening some *vaux vivants* were performed before the Queen and a large party of guests, Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Countess Feodore Gleichen, and Lord Lorne taking part in the *tableaux*. Princess Louise and the Duchess of Albany return to town this week. The Queen has sent presents of game to the London Hospitals.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George concluded their stay in Dorsetshire by a most successful visit to Parkstone and Poole on Saturday. The Princes opened the new People's Park presented by Lord Wimborne, and drove through the chief streets to the railway-station, where they received Addresses and a bouquet for the Princess before leaving for town. They arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon, finding the Princess of Wales and Princess Maud convalescent after their recent illness. The Princess of Wales' indisposition was a relapse from the influenza with which she had previously been attacked at Sandringham, while Princess Maud developed the malady on arriving in town. The Princess of Wales was well enough, however, to go to church on Sunday morning with the Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Princess Victoria. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess in the afternoon. On Tuesday the Princes attended Lord Napier's funeral at St. Paul's, and later in the day, with the Princesses, returned to Sandringham, where the Russian and Danish Ambassadors joined the party. The Prince of Wales leaves for Germany at the end of the week, intending to be in Berlin for Emperor William's birthday on Monday. Thence he goes to Cannes. The Princess and daughters remain at Sandringham during his absence, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife will also be at Castle Rising.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are now at St. Petersburg, staying at the Anitchkoff Palace. They were present on Saturday at the Russian Epiphany ceremonies, including the blessing of the Neva by the clergy, before the Czar and the Imperial Family—Princess Mary of Teck has recovered from the attack of influenza which prostrated her when staying with M. and Madame de Falve at Luton Hoo, and has returned home to Richmond this week.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned to Poona from Calcutta last week. The Duke goes to Quetta this week on an inspection tour.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters will not return to Italy at present, but propose staying in Berlin till the end of March, when they go to Homburg.



"MARJORIE."—Since the comic opera *Marjorie*, by Messrs. Clifton, Dilley, and Slaughter, was first produced at a *matinée* last July it has undergone considerable alteration. The close of the second act and almost the whole of the third have been entirely recast, the rôle of the saucy little village coquette Cicely has been written up for the sake of that sprightly actress and charming dancer Miss Phyllis Broughton, and the part of the hero, formerly undertaken by Mr. Tapley, a tenor, has now been transferred to Miss Agnes Huntington, the American contralto. In its new guise, therefore, *Marjorie* was reproduced on Saturday night at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in succession to *Paul Jones*, and it achieved a very fair measure of success. The libretto of the new opera is, however, of more importance than the music. The story is English, and, although somewhat involved, it is undeniably a strong one. The audience could hardly fail to be interested in the love and other adventures of the young Saxon Wilfred, whose father, Gosric, has purchased from a Norman Earl—his suzerain—the freedom of himself, but not, it appears, that of his children. When therefore the high-spirited young Saxon resents the attentions of the Norman Earl to Marjorie, his betrothed, he is rudely reminded that he is still only a vassal, and is forthwith handed over by his feudal lord as a servitor to the lady's father, an impoverished Norman knight. This, with an elaborate call to arms on the news of the invasion of the French in 1217, closes the first act. The second act is more farcical. The audience were greatly amused at the burlesque love duet between the aged Norman knight and an elderly lady of his own rank, and between the Earl and the sprightly Cicely, in which avowedly as a precaution against a breach of an implied promise of matrimony the unsophisticated girl carefully enters in a note-book all the amatory expressions that the young nobleman indulges in. Towards the end of the act, thanks to the well-worn device of an exchange of cloaks between the two ladies, the Earl marries Cicely in mistake for Marjorie. The last act of all is at present the weakest. The audience became impatient in the course of a nonsensical scene, in which the Earl orders all the characters of the piece, save Wilfred, one by one to a dungeon. His marriage with Cicely is, however, binding enough, and accordingly when Wilfred returns home, having by deeds of prowess performed at the battle of the Fair of Lincoln gained his freedom and a knighthood, there can be no bar to his union with Marjorie. Although the music in *Marjorie* takes second rank to the libretto, it is by no means without its merits. Some of the melodies, it is true, may appear more or less familiar to friends, and Mr. Slaughter has indulged perhaps rather too freely in ballads and also in waltz and other dance rhythms. His composition, writing is however excellent, and such things as the opening chorus, the laughing quartet (formerly a trio), the *finis* to the first and second acts, the swing duet, with which a religious chorus is effectively worked, and the female spinning chorus which opens the third act, and is set to a lyrical adaptation of an ode by Anacreon, are excellent specimens of the true English style. Some of Mr. Slaughter's songs too, notably the drinking song for the Earl in the first act, and Marjorie's ballad "In the Still Silent Night," sung by Miss D'Arville in the last act, are highly effective. The laurels were fairly carried off by Miss Phyllis Broughton, who was the prettiest and most of village coquettes, by Miss Camille D'Arville as the hero's mother, and Mr. Hayden Coffin as the Earl. The transfer of the tenor's rôle of the hero to Miss Huntington, a contralto, was, however, hardly a happy idea. The American *prima donna* acted with infinite spirit and dash, and her tall figure was as striking as ever; but the part is by no means so well suited to her as that of Paul Jones, in which she first made her fame. On Saturday it is true she was out of voice, and, possibly from nervousness, her enunciation was very indistinct. Messrs. Monkhouse, James, and Ashley, and Madame Amadi sustain the comic parts, which will probably be

further developed later on. The piece is magnificently mounted, and at its conclusion, a call for the surviving author Mr. Dille, the composer Mr. Slaughter, the conductor Mr. Stanislaus, and a double call for Mr. Augustus Harris, under whose superintendence it was produced, testified to the success achieved.

MADAME PESCHKA-LEUTNER.—The death is announced at Wiesbaden of this famous Austrian operatic artist. She was born at Vienna on October 25th, 1839, and studied under Proch, composer of the Variations which all florid vocalists sing. She made her debut at Breslau as Agathe in 1856, and after her marriage to Dr. Peschka she sang in 1863 in Vienna. Afterwards Madame Peschka-Leutner finished her vocal studies under Madame Bockholtz-Falconi; and for many seasons, from 1868 downwards, she was one of the leading vocalists at the Leipzig Opera House. In London she sang at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere in 1872, and likewise took part in the Franke-Pollini season of German opera at Drury Lane in 1882, although in neither instance did she achieve any remarkable success. She was a favourite artist in America, where she sang at Boston in 1872, and afterwards reappeared in 1881. Madame Peschka-Leutner had a very wide range of parts, particularly in classic opera.

THE BALLAD CONCERTS.—At the Ballad Concert last week two new songs were introduced—one of them, "Morning Bright," a melodious and musicianly song by Mr. Goring Thomas, being of course quite safe in the hands of Madame Mary Davies; and the other, Mr. Behrend's "Christmas Roses," being sung by Miss Eleanor Rees. Mr. Lloyd achieved remarkable success in Weber's "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," and "Come into the garden, Maud," sung by way of *encore*. Signor Foli was equally successful in Mr. Maybrick's "They all love Jack," and Mr. Arthur Oswald had to repeat a portion of Signor Tosti's "Venetian Love Song." A similar compliment was paid to Miss Alice Gomez for Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Let me dream again," and to Madame Antoinette Sterling in Mr. Moir's "Golden Harvest." Lady Hallé played some violin solos.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—It is not a little extraordinary that until Saturday last not a single piece of music by that notable pianist the Abbé Franz Liszt had been heard at the Popular Concerts. The honour of thus introducing Liszt to Mr. Chappell's audiences fell to the Abbé's gifted pupil Herr Stavenhagen, who, on Saturday, after giving a most brilliant performance of the Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody, so well known in its orchestral form at the Richter Concerts, played for an *encore* one of Liszt's "Études de Paganini." Herr Stavenhagen likewise gave a most refined and almost poetical reading of Chopin's Prelude in D flat, in which Professor Kleczynski declared he could hear the rain-drops which Chopin believed were falling on his breast, according to the well-known incident so graphically described by George Sand. Lady Hallé was recalled after her performance of Spohr's Adagio in F, which has long been a favourite item of her repertory, and she led a remarkably fine performance of Mozart's ever-charming first quartet in G. Mr. Norman Salmond, a new baritone of remarkable promise, was the vocalist.—At the Popular Concert on Monday Miss Fanny Davies performed Chopin's Ballade in F minor, Op. 52, and for an *encore* Chopin's Étude in C minor, Op. 25. She likewise played with Signor Piatti Mendelssohn's Variations in D, besides taking part with Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's always popular pianoforte trio in E flat, Op. 70. Miss Bertha Moore was the vocalist.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The announcement of the death of the young *prima donna*, Mdlle. Emma Turolla, made in so many of the Continental papers, is happily contradicted. The vocalist, though still seriously ill at a villa on the Lago Maggiore, is likely to recover.—Sir George Grove took the chair on Saturday at a meeting held at the German Athenæum in aid of the fund for the purchase of the Beethovenhaus at Bonn. It was given resolved to give an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall in March, with Dr. Joachim as conductor.—Mr. Augustus Harris has, it is understood, engaged for the Covent Garden Opera Season Fraulein Basta, the eminent *prima donna* of Prague.—The retirement from musical life is announced of Mr. Henry Leslie, whose long services to part-song music in connection with the famous Henry Leslie Choir, which was founded in 1855, and was disbanded three years ago, will endear him to the memory of all English music-lovers.—Miss MacIntyre, Dr. Richter, Dr. Mackenzie, and Signor Faccio have recovered from the influenza.—The first concert of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé in Australia will take place at Melbourne on May 10th.—The death on Monday is announced, at the advanced age of eighty-six, of the veteran conductor Franz Lachner, who, until his retirement from the direction of the Opera and the Court at Munich a quarter of a century ago, held the premier position as a Kapellmeister in Germany. Of his numerous operatic, orchestral, and chamber works few are familiar in England, where Lachner's name was chiefly known as that of almost the last survivor among the intimate friends of the composer Schubert, who, as everybody knows, died in Vienna as far back as 1828.



"CYRIL'S SUCCESS," which is to be revived at the CRITERION Theatre this evening with a strong cast, is one of the best of those comedies by the late Mr. Byron which mingle humour and pathos, and have an element of domestic interest. It was brought out originally at the opening of the Globe Theatre in 1868, with Miss Henrade and Mr. W. H. Vernon as the hero and heroine, and Mrs. Stephens and Mr. John Clarke as Mrs. Pincher and Matthew Pincher. Mr. David James succeeds to Mr. John Clarke's part, and the hero and heroine will be played by Mr. Leonard Boyne and Miss Olga Brandon.

The OPERA COMIQUE will reopen on the 3rd of February with an American comedy, entitled *A Noble Brother*. Comic opera, however, is to be the staple of the new management, who a fortnight later propose to revive *Les Cloches de Corneville*.

It is on Saturday next that Mr. Alexander, the young actor who lately left the Lyceum to play the leading part in Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new romantic drama at the Adelphi, will enter on the duties of management. Mr. Alexander commences his campaign at the AVENUE on Saturday next with a strong company, and a new farcical comedy entitled *Dr. Bill*.

Mrs. Langtry and her artistic coadjutor, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, are busily engaged in preparing for the re-opening of the ST. JAMES'S with *As You Like It*. The leading parts will be distributed as follows:—Mrs. Langtry, Rosalind; Mr. Cautley, Orlando; Celia, Miss Amy McNeill; Phoebe, Miss Beatrice Lorne; Touchstone, Mr. Charles Sugden; Audrey, Miss Marion Lea; Jacques, Mr. Arthur Bourchier; and Hymen—for this long-banished character is to be restored—Miss Armbruster.

Several interesting examples of the good work done by the Actors' Benevolent Fund were cited—of course without disclosing names—at the Annual Meeting held under the presidency of Mr. Irving last week. Among the most noteworthy was that of a young actress who was ordered, as a last chance of recovering health, to make a voyage to New Zealand, and who, being without

means, was helped with a loan. The sufferer had since recovered health and strength sufficiently to resume her professional duties; and the Secretary, at the meeting, had the pleasing duty of reading a letter from her, gratefully acknowledging the Committee's service, and enclosing the last instalment in repayment of the advance that had been made to her three years ago.

The death is announced in Australia of Mr. Philip Beck, an actor of some promise, who was at one time a member of Mr. Toole's company. Mr. Beck a few years ago performed the remarkable feat of reciting Coleridge's entire tragedy of *Remorse*, without the aid of book or prompter. The recitation was given at PRINCES' HALL, Piccadilly, before a large and distinguished audience, including Lord Coleridge and other members of his family.

Miss Wallis is arranging a morning performance for the benefit of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society. It will be given about the middle of February, under the patronage of Lady Burdett Coutts and other distinguished ladies.

Miss Vera Beringer will presumptively appear ere long in a dramatised version of Mark Twain's *Prince and Pauper*, Mrs. Beringer having made arrangements with Mr. Clemens' English publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, for that purpose. A version has already been performed in America with success.

The revival of *The Dead Heart* at the Lyceum attained on Thursday evening its hundredth representation.

Mrs. Bancroft's little drama in two acts is to be produced at ST. GEORGE'S HALL some time next month. It is entitled *A Riverside Story*, and is said to be founded on an anecdote in her recently published "Bancroft Reminiscences."



THE TURF.—Last week's *Calendar* contained the entries for the Spring Handicaps. An astonishing decline is noticeable in the Lincolnshire Handicap, which has only attracted forty-eight, as against sixty-four last year and in 1888. The City and Suburban, however, has sixty-six—an advance of six—the Great Metropolitan has about doubled its popularity with fifty-two, as against twenty-eight; and the Northamptonshire Stakes and that time-honoured fixture, the Chester Cup, both show an increase. Among the entries for the Lincolnshire and City and Suburban is Abeysance. This mare of Lord Dudley's has lately been attempting the illegitimate business, but she cut a very poor figure at Wolverhampton on Monday, and is evidently better suited for the flat. Swindler won a couple of races at Plumpton last week. The other day we noticed the existence of two Bachelors. At Wolverhampton, on Tuesday, there were two Orphans. This is "Orphan, frequently," as Mr. Gilbert puts it—"too frequently," we might add.—At Nice, last week, the Grand Prix de Monaco fell to Mr. C. Blanc's Arlay, Mr. A. Abeille's Nut being second. On Sunday, however, the latter made up somewhat for his defeat by taking the Prix de la Société des Courses.

FOOTBALL.—Ichabod! Only four Southern clubs took part in the first round of the Association Cup matches on Saturday, and not one will take part in the second. Old Carthusians fell before their last year's conquerors, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Old Westminster before Stoke, Clapton before Small Heath, and Swifts before Sheffield Wednesday. Preston North End, Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, Accrington (who defeated West Bromwich Albion, subject to a protest), and Everton were among the other winners. Everton, however, have since been defeated by Blackburn Rovers in a Lancashire Cup-tie. Those old opponents, Queen's Park and Vale of Leven, will once more fight out the final tie of the Scotch Cup. Rugbywise we may note the victories gained by Blackheath over Somersetshire and (somewhat luckily) over Cardiff, and the defeat of Richmond by Old Cheltonians.—It was a very pleasant thing to belong to the Leeds Parish Church Club. The members were treated to theatres, music-halls, oyster suppers—all at the expense of the club—and every one of them, moreover, had a suit of clothes or a watch presented to him by the same generous agency. But it is a pleasant thing no longer: for the Yorkshire Rugby Union has decided that these generous acts savour of professionalism, and has suspended the Club until the end of February.

BILLIARDS.—Several very interesting contests have been witnessed of late. Roberts easily vanquished Taylor, who was not in his usual form, in their long spot-barred match, but in the pyramid match with Richards which completed last week's proceedings, the champion, who conceded his opponent one ball in each game, had to put up with defeat, though only by the narrow margin of three games in ninety-nine. Almost as much interest was taken in the all-in match at the Aquarium between those accomplished hazard-strikers, Peall and White. Although Peall was in marvellous form and, among other big breaks, made one of 2,170, which included the longest run of "spots" on record, 711, his opponent, who received 3,500 points in 15,000, pegged away in undaunted fashion, and was eventually only beaten by 594 points. This week Peall is playing Cook spot-barred, whilst Roberts's antagonist is Coles. Next week, the champion, playing spot-barred, encounters Mitchell, who is allowed 40 "spots" in a break.

RUNNING.—We regret to announce the death of Tom Wilkinson, the well-known starter, who fired the pistol for who knows how many Sheffield Handicaps, and of late years officiated in the same capacity at the Inter-University Sports.—Youth will not always be served, as Mr. F. A. Cohen discovered on Monday, when he endeavoured to give that veteran amateur Mr. J. E. Dixon a minute's start in a two miles' race. Mr. Dixon, though eighteen years older than his opponent, ran with the greatest judgment and strength, and won very easily.

CRICKET.—Mr. Vernon's Eleven continue to do well in their Indian tour.—Playing for South Australia against Victoria, George Giffen had a curious experience. An appeal was made against him for "l. b. w.," and he was given "not out" by the bowler's umpire. Just at that moment, however, he hit his wicket, and the other umpire on being appealed to gave him "out." Giffen refused to go, on the ground that, the other decision having been given first, the ball was dead. The point has been referred to the M.C.C.

COURSING.—Mr. L. Pilkington was in luck's way at the Altcar Club meeting last week. He took the Sifton Stakes with Peseta, and the Molyneux Stakes with Perpetua and Petruha, who divided. Sir R. Jardine secured the Members' Cup with Gwenna, and Sir T. Brocklebank the Croxteth Stakes with Barère.—Seven to one has been laid against Fullerton for the Waterloo Cup.—In consequence of the scarcity of hares, due to disease, there will be no coursing on the Duke of Westminster's estates this year.

ROWING.—The Oxonians began practice for the University Boat Race on Monday last. They have not, at present, accepted the proposal of Cambridge to change the date of the race from March 25th to April 1.—An immense concourse of people, estimated at between one and two hundred thousand, attended the funeral of poor Searle, which took place at Sydney on the 14th ult. It is thought now that he contracted the fatal disease in Rome.



AT THREE O'CLOCK ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, January 29th, in the Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, the Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company will distribute the prizes gained last year by the students of the Royal Female School of Art.

THE INFLUENZA BACILLUS has been discovered by two Viennese physicians, Dr. Jolles and Professor Weichselbaum. It resembles in some degree the pulmonary bacillus, but has a dark curved head or tip. Dr. Jolles found specimens in the Hochquellen water, on which Vienna prides herself as her purest supply.

THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN'S FIRST REQUEST when getting better, last week, was for a boiled egg. The doctors thought such nourishment too heavy, so the child cried with disappointment till the Queen consoled him by declaring that none of the hens in Madrid would lay eggs in January. She promised to send to Aranjuez, where the fowls were more accommodating, and so delayed the arrival of the eggs until the doctors gave permission.

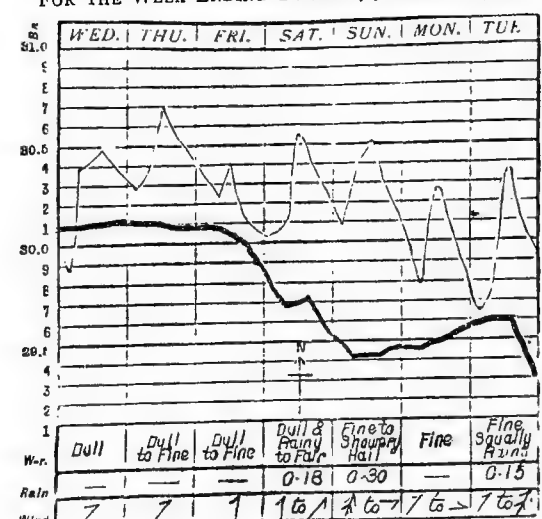
THE AMERICAN LADY JOURNALISTS now trying to make the tour of the world in seventy-five days are getting well through their task. Miss Bly, the originator of the enterprise, reached Hong Kong on December 23rd, and was expected at San Francisco on Tuesday, so that she might reach New York by Monday next, a day under the time prescribed. Miss Island, who is making the journey in the reverse direction, was at Brindisi on Thursday last, whence she started for England, to embark for the United States. She hopes to beat her rival by accomplishing the feat in seventy-two days.

MR. STANLEY is being lionised thoroughly in Cairo, where banquets and receptions in his honour take place every night, and the Khédive has decorated him with the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh Order. He will probably stay longer than originally intended. Meanwhile Emin Pasha has had another relapse at Bagamoyo, and, although according to the latest news he is much better, he seems to have suffered severely from an abscess on the skull and partial paralysis of the tongue. He appears very unwilling to leave Bagamoyo, where he lives in complete seclusion, seeing no Europeans but the German doctor. News has been received of Mr. F. J. Jackson, of the British East Africa Company, who travelled towards the north-east end of the Victoria Nyanza last summer with the hope of assisting the Stanley Expedition and opening up the country. His letters date from Sotik in lat. 30 S. and long. 35 E., within twelve marches of the lake. All his expedition were well, though they had travelled twelve days through a dense uninhabited forest. Food and ivory were plentiful at Sotik, and the natives were friendly.

LONDON MORTALITY remains at a very high rate, although a slight decrease occurred last week. The deaths numbered 2,720, against 2,747 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 27, and at the rate of 32.1 per 1,000—the highest recorded since February, 1882, the previous week excepted. During the first three weeks of the current quarter, the death-rate has averaged 30.8 per 1,000—7.8 above the mean return of the last ten years. The fatal cases of influenza rose to 127 from 67, Lambeth and Islington being the worst-affected parishes, while the total deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs reached 1,010—a fall of 59, but 464 above the average. There were 104 deaths from whooping-cough (a decrease of 8), 24 from measles (same as last week), 22 from scarlet fever (a rise of 9), 22 from diphtheria (a decline of 4), 14 from enteric fever (an advance of 1), 6 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 6), and one from an ill-defined form of fever. Different forms of violence caused 69 fatalities, including 11 suicides and 3 murders. There were 2,714 births registered—a decrease of 104, and 191 below the average.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1890.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (21st inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

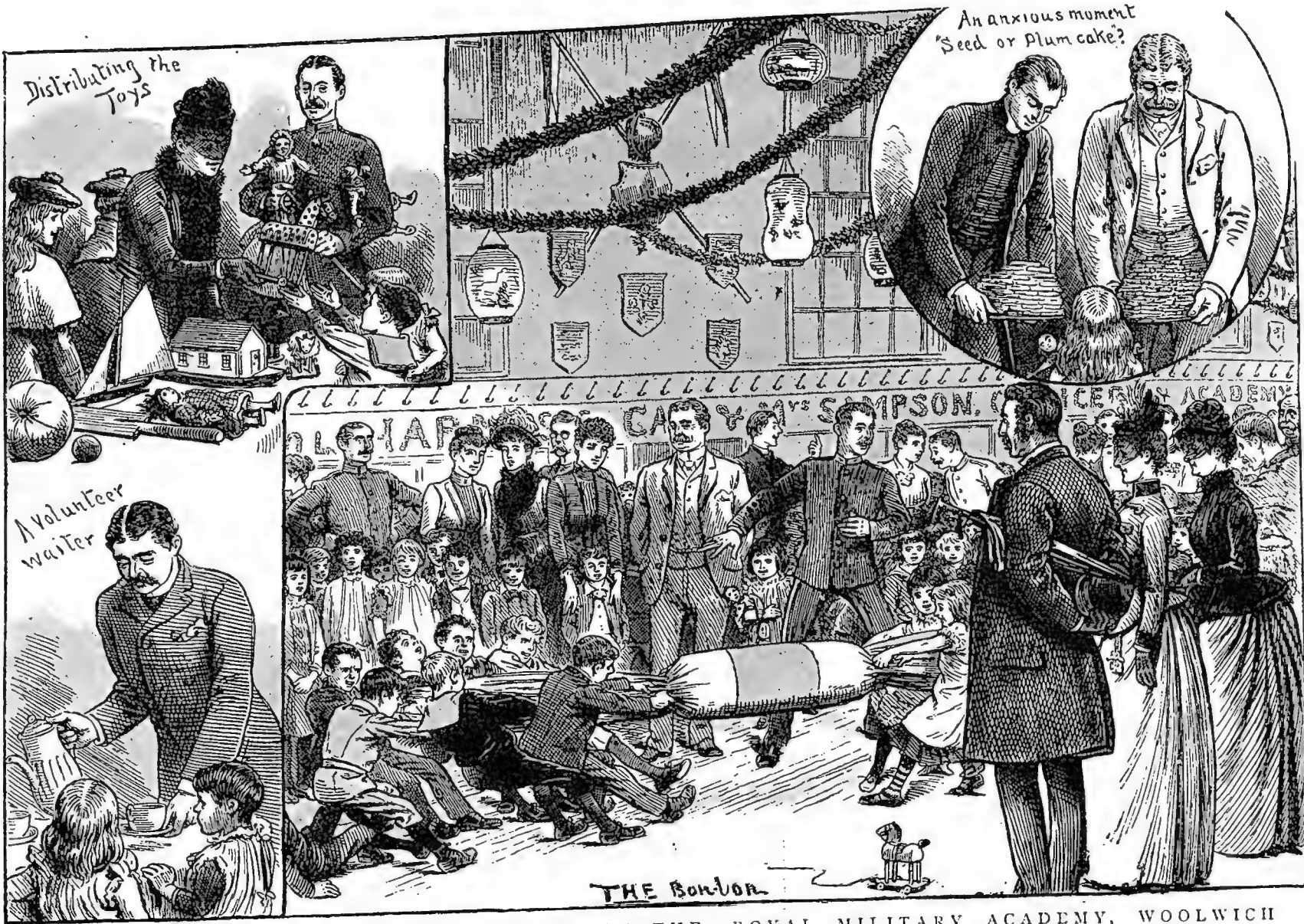
REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of the past week has been unsettled, rough, and rainy over the greater part of the United Kingdom. Towards the close of the time bright intervals were experienced in many places, and hail squalls, with thunder and lightning, occurred at several extreme Western and North-Western Stations. Throughout the period pressure has been highest over France or Germany, and lowest off our North-Western Coasts or over Scandinavia. The gradients have been very steep at times in the West and North of the British Islands, and several depressions, travelling North-Eastwards, have skirted these Coasts. Southerly to South-Western gales have therefore been felt at the Mouth of the Channel, and over Ireland and Scotland, almost daily, while in the course of Saturday night and Sunday morning (18th and 19th inst.), when a very deep and complex disturbance passed Northwards from our extreme Northern Coasts, exceptionally severe South-Western gales occurred over the North of Ireland, and severe gales in many other parts of the United Kingdom. These gales were frequently accompanied by heavy rain at the Western Stations, but only small amounts were registered over the South-East of England. Towards the close of the week strong South-Western winds were still prevalent in many places, and moderate gales in the South-West, while squalls of hail with thunderstorms were reported from some Western Stations. Temperature has been high for the time of year almost continuously, the highest of the daily maxima, which occurred on Thursday (16th inst.), exceeding 55° at several stations, the highest of all reaching 57° at Liverpool; the lowest values, which were registered on Tuesday (21st inst.), fell to slightly below the freezing point in the East of Scotland, and the East and South-East of England.

The barometer was highest (30.14 inches) on Thursday (16th inst.); lowest (29.32 inches) on Tuesday (21st inst.); range 0.82 inch.

The temperature was highest (54°) on Thursday (16th inst.); lowest (33°) on Tuesday (21st inst.); range 21°.

Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.63 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.30 inch on Sunday (19th inst.).

THE GRAPHIC



CHILDREN'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY GIVEN AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH



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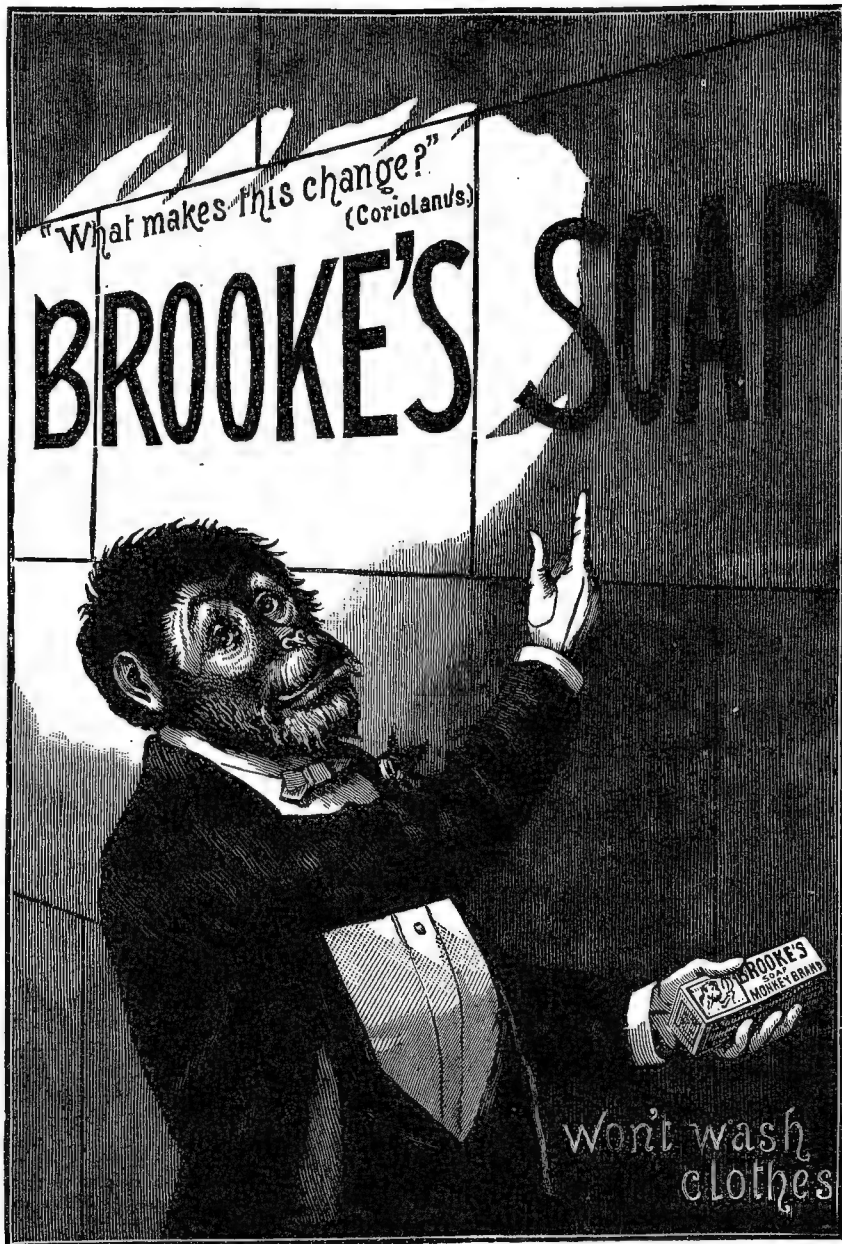
Among many examples of seventeenth-century Flemish art, the largest and beyond all comparison the finest is the celebrated "Wolf Hunt," by Rubens, from Lord Ashburton's collection. The wounded wolves writhing with agony, the rearing horses, and the hounds are full of vitality, and are drawn and painted with almost unsurpassable knowledge and power. The picture is remarkable, moreover, for its subdued splendour of colour and masterly breadth of treatment. The large "Wild Boar Hunt," by Snyder, lent by the Queen, though showing his rare ability in vigorous action, is not a remarkably good example of his work. A curious picture representing "A Spanish Fête" is historically interesting, but bears no evidence of the handiwork of Velasquez, to whom it is attributed. There is no reason whatever to doubt the authenticity of the elaborately-wrought drawings "A Hare" and

The examples of James Ward are few in number, small, and unimportant, but Sir Edwin Landseer is represented with unnecessary profuseness. The fifty-four pictures by him include, together with several of the most popular and some of the best that he produced, a considerable number which certainly will not add to his reputation. The great popularity which he enjoyed during his life was in some measure due to the admirable way in which his pictures were engraved. That he was a close observer of nature and had a scientific knowledge of the structure of animals is beyond question. He was an accomplished draughtsman and a skilful executant, but a most uncertain colourist. "The Monarch of the Glen," "Highland Nurses," "Children of the Mist," and "The Challenge" are remarkably good examples of his work. The last-named is especially remarkable for its fulness of tone and its suggestiveness of atmosphere and space. Strangely enough, the companion picture, "The Sanctuary," though painted only two years earlier, is false in effect and terribly harsh and discordant in colour. Whatever may be the shortcomings of some of Landseer's oil pictures, no fault can well be found with his life-size pastel drawing "The Chase;" or with any of the masterly chalk studies lent by Lady Scott. With the exception of Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur's excellent little "Otter Hounds," all the best pictures by living artists have been exhibited within the last few years.

SOUTH LONDON is to have a handsome Art Gallery in response to the late urgent appeal. An anonymous donor has promised to erect a suitable building in the grounds of Portland House, near the Vestry Hall, Peckham Road, and to complete the arrangements the Committee want about 2,900*l.* more, having 1,000*l.* in hand, or promised. Speaking of popular recreation, a new Free Library has been opened at Chelsea, in Fourth Avenue, Kensal Town, wherein 5,000 volumes are available for 150 readers at a time. Another Chelsea Free Library is being built on a more costly scale in Manresa Road, where Lady Cadogan will lay the memorial stone on February 8th, Lord Cadogan having given the site and many books. Further, a Free Library and Reading-Room have been opened at Brentford.

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
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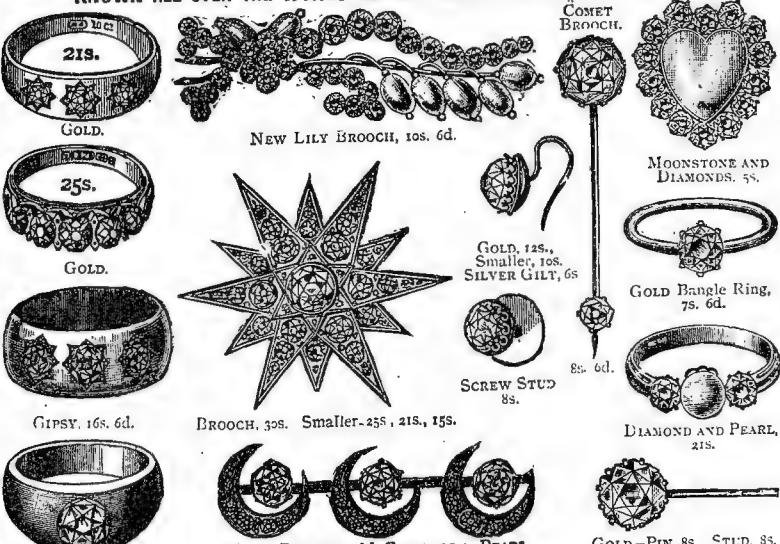
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LAST YEAR January came in with a cold air, but after the 8th there was little frost either by night or day. At the end of the month the temperature rose to 54 deg. Only 0.96 inch of rain fell in the entire month, and of this 0.30 on the month's one really wet day, the 10th. The present January came in mild, and has continued mild. The average temperature at noon for the first fortnight has been 49 deg., the mean of fifty years being 37 deg. for the first week of January, 36 deg. for the second (which is the coldest period of the year), 37 deg. for the third, and 38 deg. for the fourth. The abundance of flowers for sale in the streets witnesses to the mildness in France and other places whence we have early floral consignments. Primroses are already appearing in the Sussex woods, crocuses, snowdrops, and the early "Roman" hyacinths are pushing through the soil, while the autumn-sown cornfields present a tall, strong growth of blade such as recalls the usual aspect of the same fields in March. Some of the days have been very fine and clear, with a gracious and healthy freshness and softness in the atmosphere, most unusual in an English January. The extraordinary prevalence of illness in and during such weather is a matter which doctors fail to explain. The germs of ill-health, whatever they are, do not extend their baleful influence to cattle or horses. Live stock in general are doing singularly well, and among humanity it seems mainly, though by no means entirely, confined to the great cities. Yet in London the awful fogs of some Januaries have not been repeated, nor has there been the same thick, motionless, unwholesome air which prevailed in January last year.

MUSTY BREAD, or, indeed, any nasty taste in the loaf, is quite a rarity, and is as little known to the poor as to the rich. This is no small credit to miller and baker, for their old foes have by no means vanished. Every wet season gives us a certain amount of sprouted grain, which when ground up gives a peculiar taste and odour to the flour. Then there is bunt, a fungus which last year was much observed in parts of Sussex and of the Fens. When millers see bunted grains amongst the wheat they generally pass it through a dresser with a strong exhaust, and this draws away the foetid spores. If, however, the bunt gets ground up, its peculiar offensive odour will make a whole sack disagreeable. Other forms of smut and fungus have to be guarded against in English wheat, rust in French, German, and Australian, various insect damages in American. The Indian wheat shipped after the first four months begins to abound in weevil, but as the weevil lives on the wheat, and has no taste or odour beyond a trifling acidity, the bread-eater is none the worse for the proportion of "late Indian mixtures" in his flour, and thus gives a practical and favourable reply to the recent inquiry of an enthusiast, "Why not eat insects?" The worst fault of ordinary English bread is the rapidity with which it gets stale. For this cause small families in the cities buy Nevill's or similar patents, which keep longer, and so are more economical in the end. Rye bread, which England has discarded for wheaten, keeps very long; in a household where only one person was consuming it, a long rye loaf has lasted perfectly fresh

and palatable for a fortnight. A spiced barley bread which can be bought at the new Austrian *cafés* will also keep moist and good for the same time.

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND Shows are always good ones, and there is little beyond eccentricity to be alleged against the arrangement whereby the next annual display is fixed for the 5th to the 10th of June, at Rochester. There are six classes for 5th to the 10th of June, at Rochester. There are six classes for agricultural horses; cattle classes for Devons, Shorthorns, Herefords, Sussex, Jerseys, and Guernseys; while the Kentish sheep are dealt with very liberally, and in addition to five classes for these there are classes for Southdowns, Cotswolds, Leicesters, Shropshires, Hampshire Down, Oxford Downs, and for West-country horned sheep. Mr. Plowman, the Secretary, is making great efforts to render the Show representative of all that the Southern and home counties can accomplish.

FARMERS, says Mr. C. S. Read, are afraid to claim under the Agricultural Holdings Act for fear of being met with a heavy counter-claim for waste. It is of course unfortunate that the spirit of litigation should be aroused, and that farmers and landowners who can barely live by the land should spend their by no means superabundant capital over cross-actions. It is, however, the so-called "tenants' friends" who have got all the Acts of the past twenty years passed, and they must not complain if the same Law Courts which take a generous view of "improvements" have also an extensive notion (Mr. C. Read gives forty items) of what constitutes "waste." For our own part, we have always seen much wisdom in that maxim, *Summum jus, summa injuria*, which Mr. C. Darling, Q.C., in his *Scintilla Juris*, calls "a more candid statement than one might expect to find in a law-book." Exact justice is always most difficult to ascertain. Few farmers, for instance, fail to commit some "waste," or to do something beyond what they are bound to do, so creating an "improvement." If the farmer is stirred up to set down every one of his good actions with a view to claiming for it, the landowner is not very unreasonable in asking that his sins should be recorded with equal exactitude.

ROUND ABOUT A GREAT ESTATE, how much of that estate's value is actually spent? Holkham, the great Norfolk estate of the Leicesters, pays its noble owner 2½ per cent., and the local expenses amount to 33 per cent. of the net rent. Gates and fences alone cost 400*l.* a year to keep up, while the buildings and repairs together come to the large sum of 8,836*l.* The eventual net gain to Lord Leicester is 25,413*l.*, and the capitalised value of the estate is put at just one million sterling. The Duke of Bedford finds buildings and repairs cost him 18 per cent. Any given structure on his estate has "a life" of less than six years. This shows how much the present estates of our great landowners are their own creation by the reinvestment of capital therein. The Duke informed the Royal Commission of 1880 that his country rents were 102,025*l.*, and that his outgoings on such estates including fixed charges were 68,356*l.* The fixed charges being about 20,000*l.*, there remains 48,356*l.*—nearly half the rent—directly re-spent in the neighbourhood in works employing the local industries.

THE DIAMOND CUTTING TRADE, BOTH IN AMSTERDAM AND ANTWERP, is in a very disturbed state, owing to the workmen being discontented with their wages and general condition. The Dutch cutters think of setting up in London, while the Antwerp workers propose to go to Paris.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MAXWELL GRAY, who is favourably known for "The Silence of Dean Maitland," gives us a volume of graceful verse well above the average production of the ordinary muse in "Westminster Chimes, and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul). There is undue self-depreciation in the prefatory poem for the reader, which ends:—

Good folk, when grander poets are not near,
These wren-like notes of mine may bring you cheer.

The opening poem, which gives its title to the book, is a finely-conceived moralising on the general meaning of the spectacle presented by the life of London. There is true pathos in "A Face in a Crowd" and others of the poems. Some of the pieces describe prettily episodes in London life, and in "A Game of Chess" we have a delightful family scene pleasantly portrayed. A fine poem descriptive of the death of Roland at "Roncesvaux" thus closes:—

O Music breaking the mountain air!
O spirit music fine and sweet!
I hear it ring with wild despair,
And now in triumph strongly beat:
The proud despair of baffled strength,
The triumph patience wins at length.
For ever haunt the lonely passes,
Soul of a brave man conquering pain
Sweet horn-blast, thrill the mountain masses
And breathe through forest aisles again,
The song of knightly strength forlorn,
Whose pathos burst the ivory horn.

Another climber of Parnassus is Lieutenant-Colonel Fife-Cookson, who writes "The Empire of Man: an Essay in Verse; together with Other Poems" (Kegan Paul). Asking us first to soar up like pigeons to choose our line of flight, the author introduces us to many lands and peoples, amongst the rest to:—

The long-limbed Sepoy, brave, deep-chested Sik',
The cheerful little Gorkha's beardless cheek.

Seeing "The Last Wolf" found in England, the author was inspired to write as follows:—

Amongst the canine tribe there lay,
At the Zoological in cage,
A wolf from Epping Forest. Say
How came he there? To tell engage.

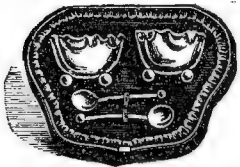
We can imagine the unfortunate attendant begging Lieutenant-Colonel Cookson to put his question in plainer English. There is plenty more verse of the same quality in this little volume.

A work on the same level of poetic merit is Mr. Edward White Bewley's "Idonea: A Tale of the Twelfth Century" (Digby and Long). The story deals with warlike episodes of the quarrel between King Stephen and Henry I.'s high-spirited daughter. As a narrative "Idonea" goes well enough to interest boys and girls. Four lines will give a sufficient notion of the style of the composition:—

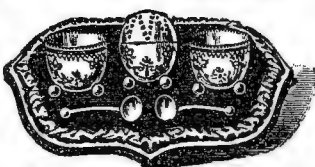
When Fitz Poer to the King was as prisoner brought
Stephen said:—"You are just the young man that I sought
To devise I go, and will take you with care,
Home along with me to your own father's place there."

Our notice of the last mentioned two books of verse will show that Silas Wegg has some literary successors.

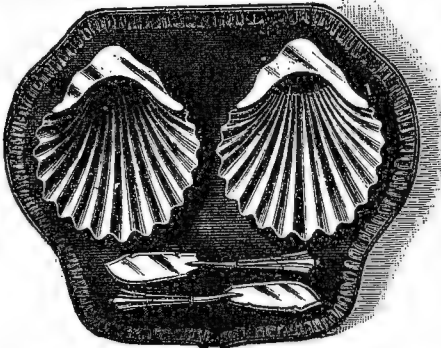
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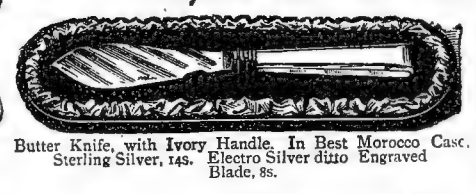
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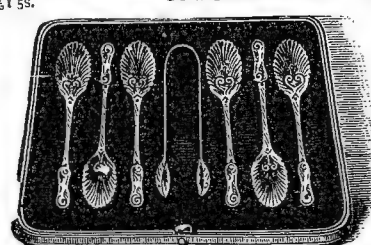
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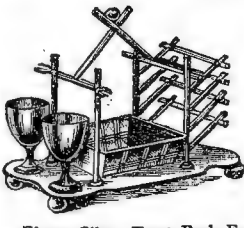
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THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY spoke, and the Bishop of Worcester presided, at a crowded public meeting in Birmingham on Tuesday in support of the establishment of a Bishopric of Birmingham. A resolution affirming the desirability of creating the new See was adopted, the Primate, who moved it, saying that when he was a boy at school in Birmingham he used to indulge in the dream that Birmingham would have a Bishop of its own. It was stated to the meeting that 90,000*l.* was required to found and maintain the See, and that subscriptions to the amount of 20,198*l.* had been promised.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER (Dr. Durnford) is holding confirmations in Sussex village churches for the benefit of farm labourers and others at some distance from populous centres.

THE PAINFUL CONTROVERSY AT HOO appears to be closed. The *Record* says that Mr. Benson has "submitted" to the Bishop of Rochester, and that the Bishop has himself received Mrs. Swayne to Holy Communion.

TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS HAVE BEEN SUBSCRIBED to the fund for the restoration of St. Saviour's, Southwark, with the view of making it a Cathedral for South London.

THE DEATH, in his forty-second year, is announced of the Rev. Aubrey L. Moore, who only a few weeks ago was elected Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, of which, and of Keble College, he had been previously tutor. In 1878 he was appointed Examining Chaplain to the then Bishop of Oxford, and he was University Select Preacher in 1885. He had for some time been giving lectures for the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and the list issued only this week announced his lectures for the ensuing term. He was the author of several works, among them "Science and the Faith," Essays on Apologetic Subjects," published last year. He was a High Churchman, and a contributor to Mr. Gore's "Lux Mundi."

THE *Tablet* reports the proceedings at Norfolk House on the occasion of the recent presentation to the Duke of Norfolk of a portrait of Monsignor Ruffo-Scilla. The subscribers, in an address accompanying the portrait, said that they regarded "the visit of Monsignor Ruffo-Scilla as an event of historical importance, since it was the first occasion of a Papal Envoy being received by an English Sovereign for more than two hundred years." They thought that a portrait of him would be a "permanent record of the Envoy's visit to Norfolk House, and of the part which His Grace had taken in the proceedings." The Duke of Norfolk expressed his thanks in an appropriate reply.

SIXTEEN MISSIONARIES about to proceed to Africa took leave of England on Tuesday night at a crowded meeting in Exeter Hall, held under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. One of them intimated that the Oxford and Cambridge graduates, who are soon to proceed as missionaries to the district of the Niger, intend to lay aside the privileges of British subjects because in certain districts it was a crime to proselytise, and they did not think it right to make the British Government responsible for their breach of the laws of the land where they were going to labour.

THE REV. J. H. LUPTON, Sur-Master of St. Paul's School, Hulsean Lecturer in 1887, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been elected Preacher of Gray's Inn.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE have directed collections to be made in all the London chapels of the Communion in aid of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, which was established in 1861, when there were only sixteen large Wesleyan chapels in London. Under the stimulus of this fund eighty chapels, holding 1,000 each, have been erected, and several enlarged. The fund has contributed 200,000*l.*, and is at present under obligation to expend 50,000*l.* more.



"APPLES OF SODOM," by Miss Bramston (2 vols.: Walter Smith and Innes), is a novel decidedly above the average quality in point of literary merit as well as in ambition. Moreover, it will certainly of interest persons who are never weary of studying the psychology of marriage; while there is nothing about it which can offend the most scrupulous taste or the highest and strictest views. The Rev. Marcus Brand is a singularly unlucky person. An enthusiast in his vocation, and without a grain of selfishness in his composition, he—knightly honour being his foible—weakly lets himself be married to a silly and worldly-minded young woman to whom he had engaged himself while still a schoolboy, and whom he had not even seen for four years, during which he had come across the right young woman, and fallen in love with her. Of course the marriage turns out wretchedly for both parties, until Jenny's death leaves him free to marry Armine. But Armine develops worldly ambition for his sake; and he is haunted by the idea that he was unfaithful to the detestable Jenny in heart and soul, though not in will; so that the second experiment bids fair to be even more miserable than the first had been. Armine regards him as morbid; and there is certainly some reason on her side, seeing that he sets himself, with perverse conscientiousness, to make the worst instead of the best of everything, and to make her see things from a point of view which she cannot comprehend, as if their whole life ought to be a sort of penance on account of Jenny. It is certainly not Miss Bramston's intention, but the novel certainly might be used as an argument in favour of clerical celibacy, such thorns in the flesh and such spiritual hindrances do both the Rev. Marcus Brand's wives prove. How he and Armine come fully together at last is quite worth reading the novel to learn, though the reader must bring to the work a considerable stock of patience and a taste for minute analysis of moods and emotions which is by no means universal. "Apples of Sodom" is not everybody's novel; but those who like it at all will probably like it a great deal.

The anonymous writer of "Miss Bayle's Romance," &c., appears as W. Fraser Rae in the authorship of "Maygrove: a Family History" (3 vols.: R. Bentley and Son). The preface, in which he makes this announcement, is quite a literary curiosity. With unprecedented generosity, he attributes the entire success of his two former works to his critics; most amiably recognises the "conscientiousness and ease" with which they read three volume novels; and concludes that he will not even resent the charge of showing the "gratitude of a statesman" in "expressing thanks to his unknown benefactors." So unaccustomed are critics of fiction to the invocation of an author's blessings, that we can only faintly trust to their being wholly free from irony, and to our not being without a portion in them. It becomes seriously disagreeable to say that an extra dose of conscientiousness is requisite to carry one comfortably through the three volumes of "Maygrove." No doubt they are well written and thoroughly unobjectionable; but even his youngest lady-reader will feel that his anecdotes might be a

little more fresh, and his quotations a little less familiar. In short there is far too much padding; indeed the story itself consists mainly of irrelevant matter, and of characters who might be cut out bodily without leaving a perceptible vacancy. It may serve as an attraction to some readers to learn that the hero ends, not only as a happy married man, but an enthusiastic Comtist, by way of consolation for having had a first wife who took to champagne and morphia and eloped with a bushranger.

Even more than by the preface to "Maygrove" is criticism disarmed by the intense virtue of the aim and the characters of "Randall Trevor," by Herbert P. Earl (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.). But for this, it would be somewhat colourless. The story is simple enough. A young man with a remarkable faculty for falling in love easily, and who has been twice disappointed, finds even wealth powerless to console him, until a third young woman tells him that happiness is to be found in living for others. So he lives for others, particularly for the young woman; and, we suppose, finds happiness accordingly. Nobody will dream of objecting to the moral; but it would certainly have been more ethically effective had it been put with sufficient freshness and vigour to compensate for its deficiency in novelty.

Apart from the morbid interest attaching to the now favourite subject of hereditary insanity, "A Conspiracy of Silence," by G. Colmore (2 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is not likely to prove generally attractive. It has its merits—a smooth, easy style, and freedom from superfluities. But the characters are so unsympathetic that one reads of their happiness and their misery with equal and absolute indifference; and their story will, to many persons, prove not a little repulsive. The "conspiracy of silence" is the process, to which her own mother is party, of cheating a poor girl into marriage with a victim of hereditary madness, and her gradual discovery of the truth, so that she rejoices at the death of her child. It is all very miserable, and all leads to nothing; and what pleasure G. Colmore thought, while writing it, that he was about to bestow on the world is not easy to understand. Stories of this sort are only to be pardoned on the score of exceptional power—and not very easily, even then.

"A Match Pair," by Ames Savile (2 vols.: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is a specimen of the novel in which sport and sentiment are mingled in about even proportions, in which hearts and necks are broken alternately, with equal zest and facility. The hero is a good young hunting correspondent of a sporting paper, who rides as well as he is supposed to write, and has such a perfect temper, as well as style, that he endures the position of being a sort of unpaid secretary and general hanger-on of a rich young cad, whom nobody else can bear. Of course he cuts out his master in love, as well as in the field, but shows his nobility by eating his heart and making the young woman eat hers rather than stand in the way. All's well that ends well, however: he inherits not only the young cad's bride, but his enormous fortune, which his meek endurance of kicks had assuredly won him, and is left on the high road to be a master of hounds. The novel is lively enough, and some of the incidental caricatures are fairly amusing.

MILLET'S FAMOUS "ANGELUS" will be exhibited in London during May and June next, being sent over from New York at the end of March. Afterwards, the picture will be shown at Berlin before returning to its final American home.

THE FATE OF MR. MALCOLM MACMILLAN, who was lost on Mount Olympus last July, once more attracts great interest. Traces of the missing gentleman are believed to have been discovered, but the matter is being kept very quiet, so as not to hamper the police.

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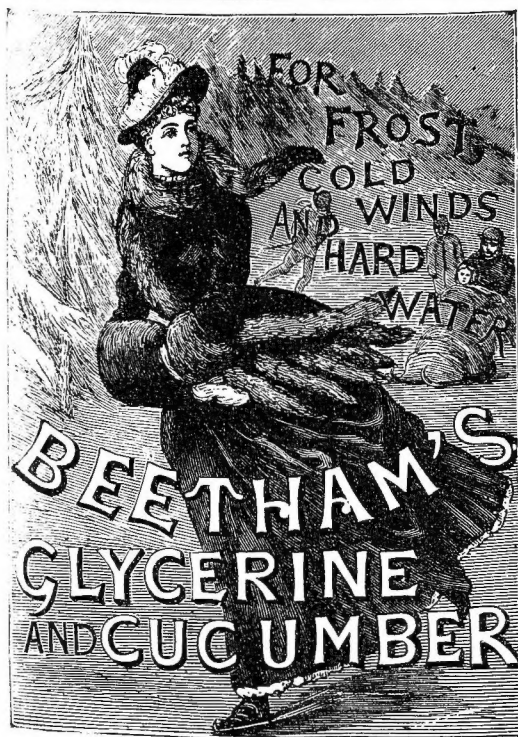
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